

Catholic Digest

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THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

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CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

God hath given His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. In their hands they shall bear thee up, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. Thousands of thousands ministered to him, and ten thousand times a hundred thousand stood before him. In their hands they shall bear thee up, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

From Matins of the feast of the Guardian Angels.

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A Soldier Speaks

By JERRY MASON

Condensed from *This Week Magazine**

This is the complete, authorized description of the Army Air Forces Convalescent Program. This is what every GI would like to tell you if he had the words.

What you read here will help you to understand and help any member of the Armed Forces who faces a problem of making a mental or physical adjustment back to civilian life.

The Editors.

Chuck Jackson, the real name, Charles H. The leather worker in Italy spelled it "Chuk" on his flying jacket. Lives at 155 Covina St., Long Beach, 3, Calif. He's five feet, ten and one-half inches; weighs 135. Too thin. His eyes are blue and have good laugh lines at the corners. His hair was reddish when he was a kid. Now he's 29. Married. For eight years. To Chris Le Blanc, of Long Beach.

Chuck Jackson, tech sergeant, top turret gunner. No DFC. No Silver Star. No Purple Heart. Nothing except an Air Medal with two clusters, a European Theater ribbon with two stars, 52 missions, 72 points—and what

they classify as operational fatigue.

In October, 1937, the Jacksons slipped wedding rings on each other's fingers.

The years start. In Europe, there's trouble. In America, all the ones like Chuck are thinking about getting ahead. Then the headlines get blacker and blacker. There were a lot of boys and men with a feeling. This was Chuck's: "I had a feeling—I wanted to be able to keep my head up. I wanted to know I wasn't pulling a gravy train."

It was July, 1942. They were driving home from a party. "Look, Chris, I'm joining up. I got to do it so I'll never have to take anything from anybody. I'm going to be a pilot." Then it was Chris saying, firmly and unheroically, "Do what you think you have to do."

That was July, and because the glamor had reached out to many boys, there was an Air Corps waiting list. That was good for Chuck. He didn't

*1 E. 57th St., New York City. Aug. 11, 1945.

have enough math for pilot requirements. He signed up for night-school courses. In February, they called him. He did fine as an Air Cadet. Very well. Except for one thing. He had ruined his eyes studying math at night. No pilot's 20-20. Just eyes good enough for a gunner. Off with the cadet uniform that looks just like the one belonging to an officer and a gentleman.

Then came months of learning how to be part of a Flying Fort. That part up in the top turret with a couple of guns. Next, Sioux City, Iowa. The machinery of training was turning out a B-17 crew. The ten men became a family. For Chuck, they took the place of his father and mother and his two brothers and sisters. And they took an equal place with Chris. In his wallet from then on were two pictures: one of Chris, one of his crew.

"We went into the Second Bomb Group of the 15th Air Force at Foggia, Italy. That first day we put up our tent and dug a ditch for rainwater. The second day they briefed us. We were replacing the 49th Squadron, which had just been shot up. Now we knew we were in for keeps. And we sure were scared. We kept wondering whether we were well trained.

"The old crews steer clear of you. If you ask them anything, they just kid. Most of them hand you a snow job—just pile you under with stuff about how tough it is."

It's time for the first mission. Target: Munich.

"One thing you learn: On the way to the target you're flying for Uncle

Sam. But, brother, on the way back, you're flying for nobody but yourself."

The missions get rougher. For the first time, Chuck let this thought sneak into his mind and stay there: "There's a good chance of my not coming out of this alive. I might be killed. The next time I go up I might be killed. Or the next time after that. . . ."

The 23rd mission is over Czechoslovakia and forever afterward the words Chuck speaks that day are engraved on his mind. They're close to the target. A great mass of specks moves in on them.

"Look at them. Fighters, fighters—50 to 60 of them. They black the sky out. They're going to get us. Look out! They're making the first pass. Look, Charlie, the 21st Squadron all went down. They're all gone. They're all down. Keep shooting, Charlie."

It's over now. What's left of the formation flies for home. Nine ships out of 28 are gone. Almost 100 men. He reads the last line in a friend's letter: "Well, Mom, I'll finish this after my next mission."

He watches ground personnel go into seven tents that no longer have owners, and he watches them come out again loaded with GI equipment that belongs to the government. He sees it all stacked up on the road in one huge pile that stretches high into the killer sky. And it occurs to him that now he feels just like a number. And he has to keep on fighting so he won't be a dead number and so his equipment—that beautiful, personnel equipment—won't have to be stacked up in the road.

"The more you're in combat, the more you know about it. The more you know about it, the more nervous you get. Keeps building to a peak till you're ready to go nuts. It's knowing too much. If a man could go through without knowing he'd be all right. That's why I wasn't bothered until after that run to Czechoslovakia. I learned too much."

It never left him alone. He could count on two dreams every night. First, he'd re-fly in every detail the mission he'd just been out on. That's two missions every 24 hours—one during the day, one at night. And there's no way of putting that on the official records. The other dream was the one about going home. Always the same dream. Always ready to go home.

Along about his 35th, a crew of their friends came back with their ship all shot up. They had one more mission to go. So now maybe they'd have to sweat it out for months, waiting for their plane to get fixed. Chuck and the boys lent them their ship. They could wait another day.

Their ship got back all right. And the crew chief patched it up all right. Chuck climbed into it for his next mission. He got into his seat. He started to fasten his safety belt. It felt funny. Stiff. A little sticky. He looked down at it, and he let it drop from his fingers. It was stiff with blood.

He looked around him. Blood was spattered all around. The crew chief had not washed away the plasma of the gunner who sat in a borrowed seat and who didn't have time to be sorry

that he was in such a hurry for his last mission.

Chuck fastened the belt. But he'll never be able to give any details of that mission. All the way to the target, all the way back, he sat, fingering the stiff belt, looking at the spattered blood. And thinking about what it must be like to try to catch your own blood in your own fingers.

He wrote to Chris that he was feeling good. A little cold had grounded him for two days. That's all. Just a little cold which put his crew two missions ahead of him. He got into the ship that day it was flying its 50th mission for the boys who had met at Sioux City. All the boys except Chuck. For him it was No. 48. The chalk marks on the bombs said, "Last Ones Out." It was a good trip. A milk run. A wonderful way to punch the last station on your ticket home.

"Coming back, they began whooping it up, screaming across the interphone. They asked permission to leave the formation and buzz the field to celebrate. I just sat there, thinking, 'Two more to go.' Everybody was cheering. I began to cry. I couldn't help it. I just kept thinking. 'Two more with a green crew. I'll get knocked down sure.'

"I wanted to get those two over quick so I went and volunteered. It was a two-mission-credit job—with a green crew. . . ."

He got back to his tent and sat, feeling the tension roll off. Then a head poked in. "You know you've got another to go. They've stopped giving

double credit. You've only got 49." He ran to the operation office, insisted that they send him up again next morning.

There's no way of describing that last mission. It was sitting in the electric chair—a second time, knowing for certainty that this time there would be no reprieve. It was feeling every ounce of you tied up in knots. And it was coming back with not a smell of joy in it, simply a horrible, angry bitterness. And then that last ironic knife twist of learning that there had been a record mix-up and, "What do you know, Jackson? You early guys did get credit for two. You didn't have to fly that last mission after all. You've got 52."

He's on the boat home now. And as I told you, he has his 52 missions, his 72 points, his Air Medal with clusters, his European Theater ribbon and not even a little wound scar he can show somebody. Odd thing, he doesn't mind the slowness of the boat. It gives him time to build his dream of coming home. He dreams of how Chris's voice will sound when he calls her as soon as he docks, of that train ride across country to California, and of America spread before him, . . .

Coming home on a slow train to California. In old transport cars. And what do you think, bud? It's the old Army game all over again. Two men in the lower berth. One man in the upper. This is paradise, kid. This is dreams come true. You are home. You're a guy who's done his job. And now the whole U. S. A. is throwing open wide its arms for you.

Home: 155 Covina. Two days before Christmas. Chris is waiting by herself. She hears a thousand footsteps, a thousand bells ringing. And then it is paradise. Except for just a few things. Like: the celebration dinner in the restaurant when Chuck's hands start to shake and he drops the fork and he is very much ashamed because he is sure everybody is looking at him. Like: not being able to eat breakfast the next morning, and forcing himself and getting sick. Like: headaches that come out of nowhere and tear him apart. Like: being ready to fight and pick on Chris at the smallest opportunity.

Then there's the first time he visits the gang down at his old gas station.

"What's that ribbon on the end?"

"The Air Medal."

"What'd they give you that for?"

"Five combat missions."

"Yeah, I know, but what did you do? I mean, how many German planes did you shoot down?"

"None, I got it for five combat missions."

"Oh, is that all?"

How can you explain that a bomber gunner can't possibly tell how many planes he, all by himself, shot down?

You start wondering why people, after three years of war, haven't taken the trouble to find out what it's like.

"All through those 21 days, I felt I had lost something. I didn't know what it was, but I had lost something."

You know what he had lost, don't you? He'd lost his family, his crew. He'd lost the security they gave him.

Chuck is glad, relieved, when his time is up and he reports to the Redistribution Station at Santa Monica. Ten days there to find out whether he's ready to go back on active duty, be discharged or sent to a hospital for convalescence. He is told to bring Chris with him and they're assigned to a beautiful little beach cottage. A honeymoon cottage. "Honeymoon: they're fattening me up for the kill. They're going to ship me to the Pacific." But his suspicions begin to break down. This is the first good deal he's had in the Army. He hears that anybody coming back from a full tour of missions in Europe gets at least three to six months of U. S. duty.

The Santa Monica doctors spend 10 days checking Chuck. They don't miss a thing. They decide he needs rest and security and time to adjust to what has turned into a new way of life. Official diagnosis: operational fatigue, manifested by anxiety and headaches. They think it would be nice to assign him to Santa Ana because that will be close to home. He fights it—he doesn't want family, neighbors and questions. Assignment: convalescence up at Fort George Wright, Spokane, Wash.

Chris can go with him. They want her to. They know she can have as much to do with Chuck's readjustment as they. There's a housing development right near the post. They'll be able to find an apartment and Chuck will be permitted to come home at night.

And Chris is getting some of her questions answered. Major Bill Baker,

chief of the Wright Neuropsychiatric Service, is a man with brains. He holds regular meetings with wives of new patients. He wants them to know the score, to know exactly what convalescence is and does.

"Every single man who goes to war needs readjustment. During the past year, at least 15% to 20% of the men coming from combat have needed treatment.

"You know the symptoms he has. Irritability. Restlessness. Tension. He can't sleep, eat, concentrate. Why? Basically because he is going through a readjustment even he doesn't understand.

"We try to do the exact dramatic opposite of the things that caused his trouble. We give him an atmosphere where he's not even threatened by the Army. We give him the opportunity to do the nonmilitary things he wants to do—and become an independent, self-reliant individual again.

"We give him a chance to have a hobby. We make him get into competitive sports. He needs to feel he can beat somebody. And then he's assigned to a personal physician. That man is responsible for everything that happens to him here.

"With that program, about 90% of your men will get well. Don't ask them to be exactly what they were one, two, three years ago. How could they be?

"To help him, you must have two important things: an intelligent tolerance and a sense of humor. And you must be sincere. The women of this

country are just starting to pay their emotional price for this war."

He's fighting hard all the time to push back the memory of war, to forget about it. All he can do is push it back deep inside himself. And then it pushes its way back—into his trembling hands, his dreams. There has to be some way of his digging it out altogether, of standing back and looking at it, and rearranging it so he can live with it. It does no good trying to file it away just the way it was.

This is when his personal physician calls on pentothal to help. Forget all the hogwash you may have heard about pentothal's being the new mystery, miracle drug. It's no mystery and it's no miracle. It's been in use for years as a light anesthetic. It has no curative powers. It acts like an X-ray machine for the mind. It's more help to the doctor than to Chuck—it gives him material for them both to analyze.

The patient, injected with it, feels almost as if he'd had an extra cocktail. He goes off into a light sleep and he'll talk, with inhibitions loosened, when the doctor guides him. Chuck re-enacts the whole 23rd mission, for example. That is its purpose: to bring up fears hidden in the mind that were too great for him to assimilate when they took possession.

With each pentothal treatment—Chuck has three—the tension eases. He's beginning to understand and accept the fear, the exhaustion, the loneliness, the pressures of death. The regular bull sessions the psychologist holds in the barracks help, too. The

men just sit and talk—mostly gripes. And each of them finds out that he isn't the only one changed. That war must do it to every man it grabs up. That it's normal to change. That tension and fear are normal.

Slowly the weariness begins to fade. The fear is examined and understood. He does the jobs he knows and can handle. The confidence creeps back. The feeling of security begins to form. He can light his own cigarettes again. The flak dreams lessen. He and Chris are really clicking. Their apartment is already the best-looking in the block. Chris makes curtains, puts down linoleum. Chuck borrows a rake and a lawn mower. He likes to dig around the flowers when he gets home. It's time for him to stop being a patient, start taking responsibility. He's made Barracks Chief.

"Medical Report, 7 March 1945:

"Thorough discussion of his present situation reveals that he has occasional headaches and some remaining emotional tension that is intermittent. His insight is good and his stability is excellent. In view of his remaining symptoms it is felt advisable to discharge him to duty limited to the U. S. for six months. . . . Diagnosis: operational fatigue, manifested by anxiety and headaches, improved."

He and Chris know now that you don't stop fighting when you step out of the plane or out of the foxhole. That getting home isn't a quick one-way trip from Italy to 155 Covina St. and a wife's arms. Home is a way of life, a state of mind. It is security and

certainty. That's why the AAF Personnel Distribution Command has 12 convalescent hospitals.

But hospital convalescence is only one step on the long way home. The rest is up to you. When you yourself come face to face with the problem, remember what you've read here. Remember Chuck Jackson because he represents all GI's. Remember the people who hurt him—and the people who helped him.

Remember his wife Chris, and the questioning neighbors. Remember his need for tolerance. His need for a feeling of belonging, of being a part of peace, just as much as he was a part of war. Remember that his greatest problems are not the trembling hands and the flak dreams. They are the problems facing every young American—a job and a secure world.

Remember—because you must help the program to help him.



"Then the hour has come to chant the *Te Deum*."

So spoke Abbe Roger Derry, deported vicar of the Paris Church of St. Francis Xavier, when informed by the Cologne prison chaplain on Oct. 14, 1943, that he was to be beheaded.

The two priests went to the place of execution reciting alternately the verses of the hymn of thanksgiving. Then, kneeling, awaiting the fall of the axe, Abbe Derry cried out: "*Introibo ad altare Dei*" ("I will go in to the Altar of God"), his last words, the first of his eternal Mass.

Just after he had been condemned, Abbe Derry wrote a letter on a paper bag to the pastor of his parish and entrusted it to the prison chaplain:

"My very dear Monsieur le Curé: I am some days, perhaps hours, away from death. God is indeed good in giving me that spiritual joy of which the *Imitation* speaks. Nothing is left of nature: the body is broken, the heart dead, but the soul is in the heights. I never cease to thank the good God who, in His immense bounty, has restored to me so much of fervor. I shall die, if not without sin, at least without that lukewarmness which too great external activity is apt to bring. For prison straw, rigorous fasting, humiliations and miseries, solitude, all that God in His providence has permitted for my good, together with prayer and continual prison, have led me to summits where all is beautiful and good.

"Pray often for me. Ask of my fellow priests the charity of Masses. I embrace you most filially. You will divine all that I cannot say but with which my heart is full.

"Blessed be God and *vive la France!*"

The letter, signed "Roger" and dated Sept. 2, carried a postscript: "May I counsel our young confreres? Tell them not to hide the truth from the sick who are going to die. Death is the veil that is rent."

Roosevelt and Social Justice

By JOHN A. RYAN

Lest we ever forget

Condensed from the *Review of Politics**

The name of Franklin D. Roosevelt has come to be particularly associated with the concept of social justice. As far back as 1910, Roosevelt, then a member of the New York state senate, successfully opposed election of Blue-eyed Billy Sheehan to the U. S. Senate. U. S. senators were then chosen by the state legislatures. The Democrats were in control of the New York state legislature, and a large majority had endorsed Sheehan as their senatorial candidate. Roosevelt organized and led a group of Democratic insurgents mainly on the grounds that Sheehan was a corporation lawyer and lacked sympathy with liberal and progressive policies. After several weeks discussion, Sheehan's name was withdrawn and the Democrats united on Judge James A. O'Gorman as their candidate. Like Sheehan, he was a Catholic; unlike Sheehan, he was a liberal in the best sense of the term. This Rooseveltian achievement properly falls under the head of social justice, because the groups and policies with which Sheehan was identified were for the most part not favorable to that objective.

Take the law providing for insurance of bank deposits. When Roosevelt came into office he found many banks closed by action of various state legislatures. He promptly closed all banks

in the U. S. Within a week he caused all to be reopened and soon thereafter induced Congress to enact a law insuring all bank depositors up to \$5,000. So accustomed have Americans become to the security of deposits provided by this law that they rarely advert to the vastly different situation that existed in the early months of 1933. Since that time bank failures have been practically unknown. Depositors in the few that have failed have been promptly reimbursed from Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation funds. Surely this law was a conspicuous and far-reaching provision for social justice.

The National Recovery Act was enacted in June, 1933, and declared unconstitutional in May, 1935. The reasons given by the U. S. Supreme Court could all have been overcome by perfectly constitutional amendments to the act. The underlying idea and main provisions of the law represent a nearer approach to the vocational-group system of economic society, recommended by Pope Pius XI, than any other legislation ever adopted in this or any country. While the act was still effective, Roosevelt referred to the "code authorities" as "modern guilds." That designation was apt, for those NRA bodies embraced representatives of both employers and employees. Had

**Notre Dame, Ind. July, 1945.*

the enabling act not been invalidated by our highest court, the NRA could have been so modified as to be substantially identical with the Pope's occupational-group system. Even as it existed, it represented the most comprehensive and fundamental measure for social justice set up in modern times. Imperfect as it was, it foreshadowed the only organization of economic society likely to prevail against some form of collectivism.

What the NRA was designed to do for industry the Agricultural Adjustment Administration was intended to do for agriculture. The main objective of the latter was to assure farmers fair prices for products and arrest devastating and rapidly increasing farm foreclosures. After it was declared unconstitutional, its place was taken by the Soil Conservation Act, which has proved almost equally effective. Both measures sought to raise the prices of farm products by lessening the number of acres in cultivation. This policy has been frequently derided by shallow minds as an "economy of scarcity." But it was only intended to be temporary, and represented the only practical way then of increasing farm incomes. It was never put into operation without the recorded approval of farmers themselves. It was most decidedly not "regimentation" from Washington. The beneficial effect of this policy upon farmers, particularly the most needy, insures for it a high place among the social-justice enactments of the Roosevelt administrations.

Even more closely related to social

justice was and is the Farm Security Administration, which enables tenants on land to become owners of the land. Its only defect is the narrow range of its operation. Appropriations made by Congress to implement it have never been sufficient to extend it to more than a small fraction of the tenant farmers who ought to receive its benefits. Even so, it has more than once been seriously threatened with extinction at the behest of wealthy farmers and their satellites in Congress. Their attitude constitutes one of the most reprehensible and astonishing manifestations of human greed that have appeared in the halls of Congress in recent years. Such an attitude obviously is a gross violation of social justice.

While the Works Progress Administration and the Public Works Administration did not completely abolish unemployment, they did make it possible for millions of unemployed to support themselves in self-respecting labor instead of existing on doles. The relation between these institutions and social justice is obvious.

The Home Owners Loan Corporation has enabled tens of thousands of men to buy homes or retain ownership of homes already bought. Other tens of thousands have been enabled to get out of slums and live in decent houses by the Federal Housing Administration.

The Holding Company Act has promoted social justice to both consumers and investors: to the former by relieving them of unjust and unnecessary charges imposed upon operating com-

panies by holding companies; to the latter by depriving them of the opportunity and temptation to put money into unprofitable securities. The agency charged with the administration of this act is the Securities and Exchange Commission. The SEC also has the duty of preventing unlawful and immoral practices on the stock exchanges. While many victims of such practices are able to bear up under them, many others can ill afford to lose the money thus put into jeopardy. Moreover, protecting even "large operators" against loss constitutes social justice because it protects them in the "dignity of their personality," which, according to Pope Pius XI, is one of the objects of social justice.

The Fair Employment Practices Committee was set up by an executive order of President Roosevelt to prevent discrimination in employment. Jews, Negroes, Mexicans and other racial and religious minorities are thus enabled to obtain employment which otherwise would be denied them by bigoted and prejudiced employers. The deep and virulent antagonism to this proposal has been a disgraceful manifestation of social injustice.

The National Labor Relations Act for the first time in American history made effective the legal right of labor to organize and bargain collectively. The Fair Labor Standards Act, sometimes referred to as the Wage and Hours Act, has abolished the starvation wages formerly paid thousands upon thousands of American workers; it has also ended child labor, and estab-

lished an eight-hour day for those employed in interstate commerce. The Social Security Act provides a considerable measure of protection against unemployment and for the needs of the aged. These three laws have done more to promote social justice than all other federal legislation enacted since adoption of the Constitution.

Finally, I call attention to a far-reaching achievement for social justice under the Roosevelt administrations which was not a particular piece of legislation but a general result of legislation and policies as a whole. That was the better distribution of wealth. In *Quadragesimo Anno*, Pius XI declared that "the immense multitude of the nonowning workers on the one hand and the enormous riches of certain very wealthy men on the other established an unanswerable argument that the riches which are so abundantly produced in our age of 'industrialism,' as it is called, are not rightly distributed nor equitably made available to the various classes of the people."

Just how much progress the social-justice measures of the Roosevelt administrations made toward this goal is not easy to describe in specific terms. It is certain that the rate of interest, whether on loans or investments, is now not much more than half what it was in 1933. This means that burdens borne by consumer and borrower have been greatly reduced. For the most part, this result is in conformity with social justice. To what extent, if any, has the share received by the rich been decreased? Here we are on more un-

certain ground. The portion of the national income that consisted of dividends on stock and interest on bonds was, in 1929, 14%; in 1943, 6%. The proportion of the national income paid out in salaries and wages was, in 1929, 64%; in 1943, 69%. These changes represent a considerable decrease in the share of capital as exhibited by dividends on stock and interest on bonds, and a somewhat smaller increase in the proportion paid out in salaries and wages over the same period. It must be noted also that real wages are considerably higher now than in 1929 and that the incomes of farmers had considerably increased even before the beginning of the second World War. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that dividends on stock and interest on bonds do not comprise the entire amount of earnings on capital.

Approximately 25% of the national income in 1943 is designated as "corporate savings, net incomes of proprietors, and rents and royalties." The greater part of this total represents not labor but ownership; in other words, it is a return on capital; it is interest. Therefore, farmers and wage earners will have to gain considerably more at the expense of the receivers of interest, dividends, and profits before distribution will fully accord with the requirements of social justice. This assertion is not applicable to the abnormal and, in all probability, temporary, incomes received by farmers during the last two or three years.

The last item in the record of Roosevelt's attitude toward social justice de-

scribes not an achievement but a proposal. Last October, he advocated government guarantee of 60 million jobs to provide full employment after the end of the war. This recommendation has been frequently attacked by social and economic reactionaries as excessive, economically impossible, or implying a "regimentation" incompatible with "the American way of life."

Possibly the suggested figure of 60 million is too high; possibly 55 or 57 million jobs would be sufficient. If the goal of full employment cannot be attained by any combination of governmental and voluntary effort, "free enterprise" and the "American way of life" will be in far greater danger than if the effort is not made. Whether full employment, brought about by the Roosevelt proposals, would involve "regimentation," as conceived by critics, is a secondary consideration. The main question is whether the proposal is among the proper activities of the state and in accord with social justice. The answer is an emphatic Yes. This is Catholic doctrine.

My own forecast, or guess, is that 90% of such New Deal enactments will never be substantially modified. Except on one hypothesis: should control of the federal government fall into the hands of reactionaries, then the greater part of that legislation will not improbably be abolished. But such a "reaction against reaction" would provoke such revolutionary changes in both our economic and political life as to make the New Deal look like stodgy conservatism.

What About Atrocities?

By JAMES M. GILLIS, C.S.P.

Condensed from his column*

Arthur Koestler in his book entitled, *The Yogi and the Commissar*, has an essay "On Disbelieving Atrocities." It is an excellent, if brief, study of the psychology of normal people confronted with stories of cruelties.

"The other day," he says, "I met one of the best-known American journalists in London. He told me that in the course of a recent opinion survey, nine out of ten average American citizens when asked whether they believed that the nazis committed atrocities, answered that it was all propaganda lying, and they didn't believe a word of it."

He goes on to say that in England the attitude of soldiers is the same. He asserts, he knows because he has been lecturing to troops for three years. "They don't believe in concentration camps, they don't believe in the starved children of Greece, in the shot hostages of France, in the mass graves of Poland; they have never heard of Lidice, Treblinka or Belzec; you can convince them for an hour, then they shake themselves, their mental defense begins to work, and in a week the shrug of incredulity has returned like a reflex temporarily weakened by a shock."

Before venturing to comment upon that paragraph, I think it well to present Mr. Koestler on the same problem

from a different point of view. "People see films," he adds, "of nazi tortures, of mass shootings, of underground conspiracy and self-sacrifice. They sigh, shake their heads, have a good cry. But they do not connect the pictures with realities."

Mr. Koestler makes no indictment, although we might see in those two paragraphs a "soft impeachment." But, indictment or impeachment, I should like to present the case for the people on both counts.

First: if people are skeptical about atrocity stories, if, when they hear such stories, the automatic reflex in their minds and the retort on the tips of their tongues is "propaganda!", they may be excused, because during the last war they were bombarded with lies and half truths. They know that they were fooled. How, they ask, can they be sure that they are not being fooled now? They may not go so far as to refuse to believe, but they suspend judgment. They seem to say, "After the last war we were provided with a spate of denials, corrections, modifications of the stories we got while the war was on. But we didn't get the corrections until five or even ten years after. This time we shall wait. Come around, Mr. Gallup, or Mr. Crossley, in 1950 or 1955 and we will give you our

Fool me once, —

*Sursum Corda, N.C.W.C., 1312 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington, 5, D. C.

Aug. 4, 1945.

opinion." If any one is to be blamed, blame the lie mongers of the last war.

Second: as for motion pictures, what else could Mr. Koestler expect? The human mind can take in so much and no more. We have a limited power of imagination and a limited capacity for emotion. If you cram too much into one poor brain, the brain revolts and throws it out. If the stomach is so overwhelmed that it cannot react at all, it lapses into a stupor like that of the anaconda which has swallowed a pig or a goat whole. So, too, the brain is overcome by stupor when fed too much. The imagination and the emotions are paralyzed. The movie addict becomes so surfeited, saturated, and stupefied by ever-repeated injections of sensations and horrors that he cannot react as a normal human being.

Koestler says we live on two planes: one tragic, the other trivial. One merges into the other. Things tragic get mixed up with things trivial. Ultimately all becomes trivial. We react as if all were trivial.

Official propagandists, if they had any real concern for the mental and

moral welfare of people, would not feed them too much horror. The federal government, which aims at producing psychological effects, would, if wiser, ration horror as it rations butter, sugar or beefsteak. When we get less, we appreciate it more. If we had a horror picture once in three months, we might react properly. If we get horror pictures too often they might as well be pictures of a man shoveling coal or hoeing corn.

The mental and moral apathy incurred by an overdose of horror goes even further. For many, atrocity stories and horror pictures bring on mental and moral apathy. We wonder how 80,000 people in the arena at Rome could look with delight upon gladiators killing one another. The same question suggests itself in regard to those who did the ghastly work and supervised the workers at Dachau and Buchenwald. The answer is that they got used to it. If we get used to hearing and seeing atrocities on the screen, the day may come when cruelty in real life will produce no effect upon us. We shall be savages once again.

One of the Eastern Patriarchs who attended the enthronement of the new Patriarch in Moscow flew home in the same plane as a member of the British delegation.

He was clearly impressed with the courtesy of the Soviet authorities and with his general experiences in Russia. There was only one occasion which had caused him a slight uneasiness.

Officiating in a particularly splendid church, obviously redecorated for the occasion, he turned to the congregation to find "Religion is the opium of the people" coming through the whitewash at the back of the building.

The Christian Democrat (July '45).

Negroes, Jews, Catholics

By ROY WILKINS

Muddleheaded prejudice in high places

Condensed from the *Crisis**

About a month before the dropping of an atomic bomb on Japan was decisive in ending the bloodiest carnage in world history, the U. S. Senate was treated for three days to perhaps the most shocking diatribes on race and religion ever recorded by the highest deliberative body of any major world power.

At a time when peoples, the world over, were concerned with most momentous issues, the Senate had to listen to attacks on Negroes, Jews and Catholics by Senator Theodore G. Bilbo of Mississippi for two days and to slurs against Negroes by his colleague, Senator James O. Eastland of the same state, on the third day. The dates were June 27, 28, and 29.

The occasion was the attack on a suggested appropriation for the continuance of the work of the Fair Employment Practices Committee (FEPC) through June 30, 1946.

One of the principal targets of Senator Bilbo was Senator Dennis Chavez of New Mexico, a Spanish-American Catholic who sponsored the FEPC bill in the Senate.

Quotations and condensations are from the Congressional Record. Commentary is in brackets.

MR. BILBO. But since the 20th day of June we have been threatened by my distinguished and lovable friend

from New Mexico, a gentleman from the wild and woolly West, who is coming up with his little squirt gun and is going to squirt into this bill the poison of FEPC.

This thing they call the FEPC was born in sin and brought forth in iniquity. Some Senators possibly do not know the history of it, and I have a suspicion—indeed, I have a faith—that if the thinking people of America knew how this miserable concoction was brought about they would rise up and say, "Kill the snake, and kill it now."

[Thereafter Senator Bilbo devoted several pages to statistics of the race, rank, and salary of FEPC employees, and read into the record numerous letters supporting him in his fight on FEPC. One letter from Georgia charged that the Atlanta *Constitution* "assists greatly in creating false ideas in the heads of the niggers." Another condemns the petition (supporting FEPC) "signed by niggers and our lowest white trash." Still another declares "the educated nigger breeds trouble," and winds up with the statement: "Southern 'yes' newspapers, along with the nigger press, will try to crucify you, but stick in there with them."

One letter scores those who want to "bring about the social recognition of

*69 5th Ave., New York City, 3. August, 1945.

the nigger." Another thanks Bilbo for "blasting the little group of renegade whites and niggers up in Atlanta," saying both dailies published there "read like they were owned by niggers." Asserting that Franklin D. Roosevelt was the "daddy of this villainy," the letter says, "Well, if Franklin Roosevelt was a Democrat then I am a nigger wash-woman." Senator Bilbo constantly declared that FEPC legislation was communist-inspired.]

MR. CHAVEZ. Mr. President—

THE PRESIDING OFFICER. Does the Senator from Mississippi yield to the Senator from New Mexico?

MR. BILBO. I yield for a question only.

MR. CHAVEZ. Does the Senator know where New Mexico is?

MR. BILBO. I know a little about my country.

MR. CHAVEZ. I am satisfied that "little" is correct.

MR. BILBO. Well, with what Mexico sends over here, I have not much chance to learn much more.

MR. CHAVEZ. Mr. President, will the Senator yield for a question?

MR. BILBO. I yield for a question.

MR. CHAVEZ. Did the Senator from Mississippi ever hear of a Catholic communist?

MR. BILBO. Yes.

MR. CHAVEZ. Does he consider Monsignor Ryan, of the Catholic Church, a communist?

MR. BILBO. I do not know the gentleman.

MR. CHAVEZ. I wish the Senator

would read what he says about the FEPC, from the pamphlet which the Senator has just been reading.

MR. BILBO. I do not know him, but I do know that there are a few Catholic priests in this country who, along with some Jewish rabbis, are trying to line up with the Negroes in teaching social equality.

MR. CHAVEZ. Would the Senator be willing to submit to the Senate the names of the priests to whom he refers?

MR. BILBO. I will make a list of them and let the Senator have it.

MR. CHAVEZ. I wish the Senator would do so.

MR. BILBO. I believe I have some of the names here, on a petition from Atlanta, Ga.

MR. CHAVEZ. The Senator may have the names on a petition, but that does not prove that they are communists. The Senator said they were communists.

MR. BILBO. No; I did not say they were communists, I said they were trying to bring about social equality with the Negro race. Some Baptist preachers, as well as some Methodist preachers, are doing the same thing. I am not reflecting on the Catholics. Some of my best friends are Catholics. I admire them greatly. Down in my home state there is a Catholic priest of whom I am very fond . . . I send him a birthday present every year. . . ."

MR. CHAVEZ. I am sure he appreciates it.

MR. BILBO. Mr. President, I now wish to read to the Senators a most sur-

prising and unusual story concerning what is taking place in this country—the most surprising story I have read in many a day. This comes from the wife of the editor of the *Washington Post*, Mrs. Eugene Meyer: (He reads.)

Think of it, Senators. The wife of the editor of the *Washington Post*, Mrs. Eugene Meyer, speaking before a gathering in New Jersey, makes the statement that if something is not done in the South, and done at once, to change economic and social measures, when the Negro soldiers come back from this war they will not stay in the South but will make their way to the North, and she says this “will be disastrous for the North and for the nation.”

I should like to read an editorial from the *Washington Post* entitled “FEPC Filibuster.” These things are synchronized logically and sequentially—from Mrs. Meyer to the editorial columns, from the wife to the editor. This is the editorial: (He reads.)

When I stand here to fight and kill this damnable piece of legislation, I am protecting Senators from New York or Illinois, who know in their hearts that I am right, who know in their hearts that this is a damnable piece of legislation, who know in their hearts that it is wrong, but who for political reasons cannot afford to say so. Their political lives are at stake. They want to come back to the Senate. I am their friend in the hour of their distress.

MR. CHAVEZ. Mr. President, will the Senator yield for a question?

MR. BILBO. I yield for a question.

MR. CHAVEZ. Would the same political reason apply to Senators on the other side of the question?

MR. BILBO. They do not apply in my case, because I can be elected in Mississippi regardless of the FEPC.

MR. CHAVEZ. I hope the Senator can, but I am wondering whether or not some reasons of that kind might not be in mind once in a while.

MR. BILBO. I do not claim perfection. I confess my limitations and weaknesses. There might be situations in which I would have to yield, as the Senator from Mexico has yielded.

MR. CHAVEZ. Mr. President, will the Senator please say “New Mexico”? I am afraid there will be confusion. People will not know what he is talking about, and will say, “The good Senator from Mississippi confuses New Mexico with Mexico.”

MR. BILBO. I think the Senator is quite right, and I apologize for not saying “New Mexico” every time, because, the Senator being the sponsor of a measure of this character, people are likely to believe that it comes from Mexico, and not New Mexico. Hereafter I will protect the Senator.

MR. CHAVEZ. I am trying to protect the Senator from Mississippi, because I think he is making a good statement according to his own ideas, but if the people get the idea that he is confusing the State of New Mexico with the Republic of Mexico, they will say, “He is probably confused about the merits of FEPC.”

MR. BILBO. It is possible that some-

thing good could come out of New Mexico. And, Mr. President, it has just occurred to me what is the matter. I had forgotten that the editor of the *Washington Post* is a Jew, and I presume that his wife is a Jewess.

MR. CHAVEZ. Mr. President, will the Senator yield?

MR. BILBO. They have been lined up from the very beginning with this minority called the Negro race in the fight which it is waging. There are exceptions, of course.

MR. CHAVEZ. Mr. President—

MR. BILBO. The Negroes, and the Jews in New York, as well as others who are working with them hand in hand—those are the minorities which the politicians fear—are the ones who have been back of this vicious legislation. Therefore, we find the editor of the *Washington Post*, a Jew, fighting against me, accusing me, and denouncing me and any other man who dares to disagree with him with regard to this proposed legislation, and calling us bankrupt men. I resent it.

MR. CHAVEZ. Mr. President, may I ask my colleague a question?

MR. BILBO. Yes.

MR. CHAVEZ. Has the Senator ever heard of a boy named Levine, who died in the Philippine Islands in the early days of the war? Has the Senator from Mississippi ever heard of him?

MR. BILBO. I think I have.

MR. CHAVEZ. Was he a Jew?

MR. BILBO. I do not know.

MR. CHAVEZ. Has the Senator heard of thousands and thousands of

men who were Jews who made the supreme sacrifice, and are lying in graveyards in Tunisia, Africa, Sicily, Italy, Okinawa, Iwo Jima, and other places, side by side with boys from Mississippi?

MR. BILBO. Yes.

MR. CHAVEZ. Is there anything in the Constitution which says that a Jew cannot be a good American?

MR. BILBO. Sit down a minute; I want to talk to the Senator. I am not saying anything against the Jew. I am not denouncing the Jews. I am a member of the Baptist church, in good standing.

MR. CHAVEZ. I am a member of the Catholic Church, in good standing.

MR. BILBO. Wait a minute, wait a minute, wait a minute.

MR. CHAVEZ. I just want to tell you that I am a Catholic.

MR. BILBO. You cannot get that on the *Record*. Wait a minute. You cannot talk now. I have the floor. I say that I am a Protestant in good standing.

MR. CHAVEZ. I am a Catholic in good standing.

MR. BILBO. Yes; and we both believe in Jesus Christ, who was a Jew.

MR. CHAVEZ. I also hope that we both believe in American institutions.

MR. BILBO. Moses was a Jew, Paul was a Jew, and Peter was a Jew also. They were all Jews. Do not intimate that I am trying to denounce Jews. Some of the best friends I have in the world are of the Jewish faith. I am saying that Eugene Meyer is a Jew, and

has denounced me as a bankrupt man because I am opposed to the pet scheme which the Negroes and the Jews in this country are trying to put over on the American businessmen, and the business enterprises of this country.

[The Bilbo talk ended on the afternoon of June 28 after rising to a peak against Negroes, Jews and Catholics with a few not-too-subtle remarks about Americans of Mexican ancestry. The next day, June 29, Senator James O. Eastland of Mississippi took up the cudgels against FEPC and made a long speech, going over the statistics on FEPC employees which had been placed in the *Congressional Record* by Bilbo and reading from sections of a League of Nations report on Liberia.]

MR. EASTLAND. But let us go further. By setting up this agency we grant an unfair preference to the Negro soldier or to the soldier of a minority group over the returning white soldier. We set up an organization to see that the returning Negro soldier gets a job, to help him get a job, and to see that there is no discrimination in giving jobs to the white soldier. Who has won this war? Why should the white soldier, the warrior who has returned home after having achieved the greatest victory in history, be penalized for political reasons? The Negro soldier was an utter and dismal failure in combat in Europe. When I make that statement, it is not from prejudice. I am not prejudiced against the Negro. (Laughter in the galleries.)

MR. MORSE. Mr. President, may we have order?

THE PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. McFarland in the chair). The Chair admonishes the occupants of the galleries that they are here at the invitation of the Senate. If they do not keep order, the Chair will order the galleries to be cleared.

MR. EASTLAND. Mr. President, I merely state facts as given to our committee by high-ranking generals of the American Army, who are in a peculiar position to know the facts.

In a number of instances these soldiers would desert their posts of duty, without cause, and the whole division would, without cause, rhyme, or reason, quit fighting. The officers told us the soldiers had no initiative, no sense of responsibility, very low intelligence, and were a failure. Yet we are asked to set up an unfair preference against the white soldier for the benefit of the returning Negro veteran, solely because he is a member of a minority group which sells its vote to the highest bidder in political campaigns. . . .

In Europe, Negro soldiers are used principally as service troops behind the lines, and I state now, on the authority of many American officers, that they were lazy; that they would not work; that it was a mistake to send them to Europe, and furthermore, that they should be returned from Europe and sent to the Pacific, where there are races of color.

It was necessary during the Normandy invasion to disarm a good many Negro soldiers, I was reliably informed by a high-ranking general in Paris. Negro soldiers would go to farm

houses and holler "Boche! Boche!" as if they were looking for Germans, call the men of the families out into the yards, and hold guns on them while they went in and criminally assaulted the women members of the family. In the small Normandy peninsula, from invasion date to May of this year, there were 33 cases of criminal assault; 26 by Negroes, seven by whites....

[After the Eastland speech was featured in daily papers, he was flooded with demands that he name the "high-ranking generals" and that he produce some evidence to support his charges. Senator Eastland remained silent.

However, the War Department issued two statements, one in Washington through Under Secretary Robert P. Patterson, saying the department was proud of its troops including Negro troops; and one from SHAEF in Paris saying no armed Negroes were used as combat troops in Normandy—thus refuting Eastland's story of the

criminal assault of Normandy women.

Other evidence refuting Eastland's charges was contained in the statements of General Dwight D. Eisenhower, General Mark W. Clark, and General George S. Patton, Jr., and Father Joseph T. O'Callahan of the ill-fated aircraft carrier,* the *Franklin*, all of whom praised the Negro serviceman's performance, in both combat and service units.

Finally, a compromise appropriation of \$250,000 for FEPC was passed after the War Agencies Bill had been held up approximately two weeks. The significant aspect of the whole business, aside from the fact that U. S. government business could be held up for two weeks by race-hating speeches, is that through parliamentary tricks, some clever and some crude and obvious, neither the House nor the Senate was given an opportunity to vote on FEPC.]

*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Sept. '45, p. 91.

Unkautious

Some years ago when the Ku Klux Klan was flourishing, its leaders decided to organize a women's auxiliary; they named it the Kamelia, after the pride of Southern gardens. And were their faces red when they were reminded that they had named it for a flower which was named for a Jesuit botanist.

The New York *Catholic News* quoted in the *Catholic Bulletin* (7 July '45).

England, the U.S., and Poland

By ✠ BERNARD GRIFFIN

Condensed from an address*

A voice in a wilderness

At the beginning of March, I said in a statement on Anglo-Polish relations: "The honor of the political leaders of Great Britain and the honor of the whole British people depend upon the setting up of a genuinely representative Polish government, and the holding of genuinely free elections in Poland. I beg my Polish friends not to presume, despite the sad experience of the past, that Great Britain will refuse to carry out what Mr. Eden describes as its right and duty."

I now judge it necessary to say that what has been done so far by the British and American Governments cannot be considered to fulfill those solemn undertakings.

The obligation of our country is direct, obvious and inescapable because we gave a guarantee and made a Treaty of Alliance in 1939, and for the two years when Germany and Russia were in alliance and the Poles were fighting at our side, we did not falter, even though we could not see clearly how we could restore an independent Poland.

Making the words of the Prime Minister my own, I say: "Even more important than the frontiers of Poland, is the freedom of Poland. The home of the Poles is settled; are they to be masters in their own house, are they

to be free as we in Britain and the U. S. or France are free? Is their sovereignty and independence to be untrammelled, or are they to become a mere projection of the Soviet state, forced by an armed minority to adopt a communist and totalitarian system? I am putting the case in all its bluntness. It is a touchstone far more sensitive and vital than the drawing of frontier lines. Where does Poland stand? Where do we all stand on this:

"Are the Poles to be free as we in Britain and the U. S. or France are free?"

The answer so far is an emphatic negative. The whole political and social life of Poland is in fact, though not in name, under the closest control of the Soviet authorities and the dreaded NKCD (secret police). No sort of political opposition is tolerated. The overwhelming majority of Poles outside Poland are quite unwilling to go back to Poland as it is now.

I regard it as essential to any hope of the establishment of a free and independent Poland that there should be immediately:

- (1) Freedom for Poles and Allies to pass to and from Poland.
- (2) Removal of secret police from Poland and abolition of dictatorship of press and radio.

*To former students of the Venerable English College at Rome, given at Birmingham, England, July 24, 1945.

(3) A guarantee of elections under joint Allied supervision.

I do not believe that our statesmen can be happy in conscience unless they take steps to guarantee genuinely free elections.

Let me make myself very clear. I do not say that it is impossible to live at peace with a totalitarian regime. We ask nothing of Soviet Russia except respect for the essential rights of other peoples. What I am saying is that we shall have lost the peace if we allow our first ally, Poland, to be turned into "a mere projection of the Soviet state."

I cannot believe that it is beyond the power of wise statesmanship to insist on re-establishment of a free Poland, since the West has so much to offer the Soviet in supplies and security.

I am deeply conscious of the fact that the overwhelming majority of Polish people are living in Poland. They are ordinary men and women who desire above all things freedom, homes, work, and security.

To sentence them to live under a government chosen by Soviet Russia is to make a mockery of their gallant struggle throughout the war years.

My illustrious predecessor, Cardinal Hinsley, always maintained that the rise of Poland would be the test of Great Britain's honor. For the guidance of Catholic people I reiterate his claim. Every man, of vision in this country, Catholic or non-Catholic, will,

I am sure, agree when I say that uneasy compromise would sow the seeds of further discord.

Russo-Polish friendship is an obvious condition for world peace.

Our ally, Soviet Russia, never hesitates to proclaim its view of the actions of other nations. The cause of peace will be strengthened if, in turn, we state in unmistakable words the Christian version of social and political justice.

One final word. The question of Poland is part of the larger question of the fate of all Europe. Central Europe may become, in fact if not in name, a western extension of Soviet power.

If to oppose communism is to court imprisonment and death, the Polish elections will go down in history as a mockery, and the United Nations, which have striven so hard to redeem their record of appeasement of the nazis, will have yielded to the temptation to appease a no less antidemocratic philosophy, and their last state will be worse than the first.

If such a policy is permitted by the United Nations, Europe will be divided into two blocs, with disastrous consequences for future world order.

We must not delude ourselves by imagining that peace will come without effort and merely by giving way all the time. By honesty in word and purpose and by ever insistent prayer, Europe can still be saved.

A good reply to an atheist is to give him a good dinner and ask him if he believes there is a cook.

Louis Nizer in the *Minneapolis Daily Times* (17 Aug. '45).

Green Light for Youth

By ROBERT E. BURNS

Condensed from *Mother of Perpetual Help**

And the Christian revolution

Fifteen years ago, when the Most Reverend Bernard J. Sheil, senior Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago, founded the Catholic Youth Organization, he was called a revolutionary. Today, the CYO is so widely appreciated, not only in Chicago, where it began, but also throughout the world, that the most conservative no longer consider it revolutionary.

Bishop Sheil, however, has never ceased to be a "revolutionary," nor does he fear this label. Speaking to the Charles Carroll Forum in 1942, he remarked: "It is saddening to recall that in the early springtime of its dynamic and contagious enthusiasm, Christianity was the most radical and uncompromising revolution that men had ever experienced. And one of the truly tragic happenings of the modern age is that this same Christianity, because of fear and human respect, has been accustomed to correlating conservatism with Christianity."

To the outsider studying the program of the CYO for the first time, it might appear that the CYO of 1945 had, like Topsy, "just grown." Its program includes such a bewildering number and variety of activities that it might seem difficult to deduce any basic policy.

Actually, the CYO has a very definite basic policy—to help young people

of all races, creeds and colors toward a fuller, richer life that will better enable them to save their souls. The CYO tries specifically to promote and stimulate comprehensive and well-integrated youth programs in parishes, with the objective of bringing young people together to pray, work and play under the influence and guidance of the parish priest. Toward that end the CYO Central Office offers program planning and leadership training and makes the advisory assistance of its professional staff available to the parishes.

Historically, the Chicago CYO has "short-circuited" this basic policy on a number of occasions to meet specific urgent needs. Bishop Sheil is not one who would allow his project to be strapped by a too rigid formula when any of his beloved young people are being pushed around. At the very inception of the CYO, the Bishop realized that thousands of young people were being pushed around by the devastating depression of 1929-33. From his experience as a chaplain at the Cook County jail, he knew the price society pays for neglecting its young. Accordingly, the Bishop wheedled and cajoled until he had obtained a gymnasium in a downtown office building and the services of a famous old lightweight boxer, Packy McFarland.

Boys from the so-called underpriv-

*1355 Basin St., Montreal 3, P. Q., Canada. August, 1945.

ilegled areas of Chicago responded to the Bishop's incentives in droves. In the gymnasium of what was to become the CYO Center, they learned the CYO code of sportsmanship and that the Bishop and the priests of his staff were "not such bad guys" after all; they didn't have horns; and many of the boys felt a lot better after a heart-to-heart talk with one of them.

The bishop wasn't afraid to short-circuit the basic policy when he saw that boys locked up in neighboring penal institutions were rotting there, even though eligible for parole, because no one was willing to guarantee them a home, a job, and a sponsor, as the law required. The CYO Home for Parolees was his immediate answer, and the home provided all three of the law's requirements. When the manpower shortage of the present war made such care unnecessary, the Bishop ordered the old mansion on Chicago's South Side renovated and reopened as the CYO Residence for Women, meeting a need that had become urgent as the need for the Home for Parolees had decreased.

Not long after the CYO began, the Bishop integrated the Mission of Our Lady of Mercy, popularly called the Working Boys' Home, into his ever-expanding organization to enable orphans and dependent boys and young men to work and live in a wholesome, Catholic environment. The bustling Community Center on the West Side came into the CYO in 1939, despite warnings that the four-story building was a white elephant, because the

Bishop realized the acute need for supervised recreation and community activities in an area that prior to 1938 had been one of Chicago's worst delinquency neighborhoods.

During the depression days the CYO inaugurated its Vacation School program, beginning in the overcrowded parts of the city. The Vacation Schools are really summer camps within the city. Every day during the six or eight-week period over which the schools are operated, children between the ages of 6 to 14 romp and play, learn dramatics, music, art and craft work, under the supervision of priests, Sisters and other volunteer personnel who have previously attended a ten-week training course for recreation leaders, offered by the CYO Recreation Department each year. Participation by the children in all of these activities is entirely free of charge and without regard to race, creed or color. Arts and crafts, materials, and athletic equipment are provided without charge by the CYO, and in many of the schools free milk is distributed.

One of the programs of which the Bishop and the CYO are proudest is the Lewis School of Aeronautics which the Bishop established in Lockport, Illinois, in 1931. With characteristic foresight, Bishop Sheil realized even 14 years ago the tremendous future of aviation. In order that his boys and girls would be part of that future, and with the help of an outstanding Catholic philanthropist, F. J. Lewis, the Bishop was able to found this school, which offers technical and aeronautical train-

ing at the lowest possible cost for training, tuition and living quarters. More often than not a boy who expressed a desire to attend the Lewis School would wind up in Lockport "wearing a tag." A note from the Bishop would follow, saying in effect: "Send this boy's tuition bills to me; I'll take care of them." The Bishop has always been a "soft touch" for a boy or girl who wanted to do the right thing but needed help—even when the nature of that help ran into three figures.

Many CYO boxing and other athletic champions have been rewarded with scholarships to the Lewis School. Abe Lee, a 17-year-old Chinese-American lad who won a CYO title last year, is enrolled at Lockport at the present time, and recently he had to double up on his studies in order to take time off to win a National AAU boxing championship in Boston. Many of the boys who weren't interested in engineering or aeronautics were given scholarships at leading Catholic colleges and high schools.

The United States Navy made good use of Lewis School's excellent hangars, shops, classrooms, living quarters and spacious airport during the first part of the war, conducting an extensive training program for members of its fighting air wing. Now that the navy has completed its program at Lockport, the Lewis School is out in front of the parade again in presenting a new phase of its program centering around a unique classroom trainer, which gives complete training in fundamental flight maneuvers. The *Pen-*

guin, as the trainer is called, after the bird that doesn't fly, is not available in any other flight school in the U. S.

The CYO, through its Social Service Department, conducted by trained, professional social case workers, attacks delinquency by treating the problems that lead to delinquency. Sheil School of Social Studies offers free social education to "anyone interested in helping to build a better society," and the St. Benet Library and Book Shop, conducted in conjunction, offers comfortable reading rooms and a large collection of books and periodicals for free circulation. The CYO conducts a boys' camp each summer at its beautiful Doddridge Farm and sponsors the prize-winning CYO band.

One of the most appealing of the CYO's programs is its Master Eye Dog program. In its kennels, located in Minneapolis, the CYO produces the only dogs in the world especially bred and trained for the sole purpose of "giving sight" to blind people. Another great benefit resulting from the CYO Master Eye program is that the CYO, unlike other prominent agencies which provide guide dogs for the blind, undertakes the entire expense of breeding, raising and training the guide dog to know and guide its master. Consequently, the Master Eye program has enabled many blind young persons who, because of insufficient funds had been unable to obtain guide dogs, to attend school, to work, to find recreation, and to live relatively normal lives with the invaluable assistance of a carefully trained dog.

And the irrepressible Bishop hasn't run out of ideas yet. In the last few months he's added a Veterans' Service Information Department to help the returning veteran, and the CYO Theater Workshop, to assist parishes toward setting up little theaters for their young people. His CYO staff members always have one eye cocked on his busy office to catch the very first signs of other new programs that are undoubtedly "cooking."

It is impossible to report anything about the CYO without talking about Bishop Sheil. His exciting career, much of it so intimately interwoven with the organization that is his dream-come-true, has been marked by his two outstanding characteristics, vision and courage, and by two other assets, energy and optimism.

The dramatic story of Bishop Sheil's part in the organization of the United Packinghouse Workers—how he defied threats against his life to appear on the union platform and exhort the cheering workers to heed the advice the Sovereign Pontiff had given them: "Join the union"—has been told many times before. Speaking before the National Conference of Catholic Charities in Kansas City in 1942, Bishop Sheil caused a stir that reverberated across the nation when he warned that "too often in the past, religious leaders, under the guise of pru-

dence, have failed to appreciate or to teach fearlessly what the Brotherhood of Man means in terms of practical justice for the poor, the underprivileged, and oppressed of the world. Too much respect for the local banker, industrialist, or politician has caused them to be silent, when the teachings of Christ should have been literally shouted from the housetops," and an awed hush fell over the auditorium when he concluded: "Jim Crowism in the mystical Body of Christ is a disgraceful anomaly."

By such fearlessness the Bishop has made enemies. It is inevitable that hatemongers and greedy and power-drunk exploiters become violently inimical when the Bishop rolls back the rock under which they have hidden.

A few months ago Bishop Sheil threw down the challenge to Catholics in a paragraph summing up his social philosophy:

"It does not suffice for us Catholics to proclaim loudly that we possess the truth, and then limit ourselves to negative criticism of what non-Catholics are doing. This policy of abstention is worse than useless. Let us remember that a radical social transformation is inevitable. The only question for us is: Shall it be achieved with us or without us? If it is achieved without us, that achievement will not be based upon the secure foundation of social truth."

Horse sense is the ability to say nay.

Thomas A. Lahey, C.S.C., in the *Ave Maria* (2 June '45).

Christ of the Rockies

By J. J. SHORES

Where two worlds meet

Condensed from the *Texas Progress**

At the junction of three states, on the Mexican border, stands the "Christ of the Rockies," the largest monument of its kind in the western world—and one of the least known.

Near by, at the base of the mountain, runs a highway to extend eventually from Alaska to Argentina, and to that other monument known throughout the world—the "Christ of the Andes."

The little parish that sponsored and built the Christ of the Rockies feels its monumental task has not received the recognition it deserves; and before the annual pilgrimage, on the last Sunday of October, an ambitious program to complete the work is being drafted.

The monument of Cristo Rey, Christ the King, was carved by Urbici Soler, a native of Barcelona. As the Christ of the Andes commemorates unbroken peace between Argentina and Chile, so the Christ of the Rockies is an issue of the Good-Neighbor Policy, especially as it affects Mexico.

The Christ of the Rockies stands on the summit of a mountain, 4,576 feet above sea level, originally called Cerro de Muleros (Mountain of the Muleteers). However, the little parish of Smeltertown, before work on the monument was begun, appealed to Washington to change the name; and on government maps the mountain now is Sierra de Cristo Rey. That is not the

only name change sought. On Mexican-government maps, the highway, now being constructed through that republic, is called Mexi-central Highway No. 159. The parish is asking Mexico as well as all other countries through which the highway will run, to call it Cristo Rey Highway.

The peak of Sierra de Cristo Rey is in New Mexico, three miles from downtown El Paso. The cross stands 33.5 feet high, on a nine-foot base, making the over-all height of the monument 42.5 feet. The statue of the Christ, carved out of the Texas sandstone cross, is 27 feet high. (The height of the image of the Christ of the Andes is 26 feet.) From here the international boundary is only a few feet away. Mexico and the United States stretch east and west; three states touch here—Texas, New Mexico and Chihuahua. An excellent trail winds up the mountainside, and although about three hours are required to climb to the top, the descent can be made in an hour.

This trail, 5,650 feet up the mountainside, has fourteen small crosses, or stations, along the way, representing the Way of the Cross. On days of pilgrimages, some pilgrims make the trip on burros; many climb barefoot. Youth and old age, men and women, even with babies in arms, participate, singing and chanting prayers.

*Dallas, Texas, March, 1945.

After reaching the summit, the pilgrim sees before him a view of grandeur rarely found. He can gaze on the Rio Grande Valley, with the river a tiny ribbon winding through irrigated fields fertile as the Valley of the Nile.

Trees and green fields flank the river as far as the eye can see. The mountains hover near at this point, called the Pass of the North, from which the city of El Paso derives its name. Then the mountains spread out V-shape to the northwest and to the southeast. A vast desert lies to the east between El Paso and the Guadalupe mountains. Opposite El Paso is the Mexican city of Juarez.

Under the inspiration of Father Lourdes F. Costa, for 20 years pastor of the Smeltertown parish, a provisional cross was erected in 1934. But before this work could be done, a trail had to be blazed up the mountain, and the parishioners, together with the priest, toiled in their spare time to build this trail, donating not only their labor and time, but cash from their meager earnings from the copper smelter and the surrounding farms.

God did not create the universe in an attack of ill will; He created it out of pure joy because of the beauty He beheld in Himself. Joy is not, of course, the same as virtue, but it is the atmosphere in which virtue thrives, the light by which it sees. Joy is also one of the strongest motives to invite the faith of those who are without; when others note the joy of a true Christian they will see that here is the source of life; they will say, "The Lord is nigh."

The first pilgrimage was a local affair, but the following year a metal cross was erected and succeeding pilgrimages swelled in numbers.

The story of El Cristo Rey attracted the attention of other groups, and in 1937 Urbici Soler, who has since made El Paso his permanent residence, was engaged to carve the memorial. Upon the completion of his work, in 1939, a local dedication was held, followed the next year with an international ceremony.

The monument as it stands now cost about \$100,000, but it is estimated that the completed project will cost \$500,000. Around the monument is to be a crown, or fence, 125 feet in circumference and eight feet high. A bit below the peak will be an amphitheater to accommodate about 15,000 persons. The mountain is to be leveled off, and a double stairway will lead from the amphitheater to the base of the statue, which is to be illuminated at night.

Preparations are being made this year for many more than the 25,000 pilgrims who climbed to the cross in October, 1944.

From *Paul of Tarsus* by Joseph Holzman (Herder, 1945).

What Most Americans Read

By JAMES DAVIS WOOLF

Condensed from *Common Sense**

A hundred million dunces?

I was discussing literature with the young woman who does odd jobs of housekeeping around our place.

"My husband," she boasted, "is a big reader. Every month he buys a couple of detective magazines, and stays up reading till two, three o'clock in the morning. Me, I like the movie stories." Her pretty eyes sparkled.

She and her husband were educated in American public grade schools. Both speak, read, and write the American language; are *literate*.

Interested, I inquired further into their reading habits. In their home I found no books.

How general in our fair land, I wondered, is this kind of "literacy"? I did a bit of investigating—and now I know.

Shades of the *Police Gazette*! The old-fashioned dime novel! The virtuous Frank Merriwell!

Today up to one hundred million people, my study reveals, are devouring titillating thriller-dillers, served up red hot on the nation's blazing newsstands every month, thrillers that make the tales of the worthy Merriwell's schoolboy adventures seem like inspired parables from Holy Writ. The "literacy" of big readers such as my housekeeper and her husband is not the exception; it is the rule.

There are the "pulp," for example.

Now a pulp, as you probably know, is a magazine, usually a monthly, printed on cheap, soft-paper stock, that deals with gay and breezy love and eye-popping adventure. The yarns in the pulps are knocked out by hack writers for as little as \$10 or \$15 per masterpiece, although somewhat better rates are paid when skill and "reputation" warrant.

The paid circulation of the pulps is 9,263,000, which means that possibly 20 or 25 million people are galvanized, excited, incited, entranced, enthralled, mesmerized, aroused and otherwise affected, infected and hopped up by this kind of "escape literature."

Then there are the "confession" magazines. In these cozy little books of righteous revelation you are let in on the secret love life of those who want you to shun the pitfalls that led to their unhappiness. "If my true story shows only one woman how to avoid my mistakes, if only one woman learns from me what the true love of a good husband means, I shall feel well repaid for revealing here the story of my mad and senseless transgression."

Here again you may not realize the tremendous popularity of these "tell-all" magazines. They have a paid circulation of 7,976,000, and this means, just as in the case of the pulps, that up to 25 million persons (most of them

*10 E. 49th St., New York City, 17. August, 1945.

women) every month enjoy all this vicarious sin and salvation.

To the pulps and the confessions, add the "detectives." You have seen them on the newsstands, vividly colored covers portraying a perilous and terrifically dramatic episode whereby heroic Hawkshaw escapes extinction by the skin of his gleaming teeth. The most popular dozen of these mystery magazines have a paid circulation of 3,223,000, which undoubtedly means a readership of about 10 million.

But that is not all by any means. There must be added the circulation and readership of the "fan" magazines, which deal with the song, the dance, the movies, and the radio. There's *Downbeat*, for example, which, according to *The Writer's 1944 Year Book*, is edited for "chicks and cats and chummy gates, a hot lick here and a hot lick there and a tab that's solid everywhere." Most of the fan magazines, however, concern themselves primarily with screenland, their specialty being the revelation of "inside stuff" about the private "love life" of the actress or actor, and the glamorous goings-on in Hollywood's dazzling society. Girls eat it up. As I write this, there are more than 20 of these lush and lurid magazines with a paid circulation of 10,755,000. As to the total readership, you won't be far off at 30 million.

Finally, we come to the biggest group of them all—the "comic" books, those highly colored little picture "magazines," printed on very cheap news stock, and plastered all over every

newsstand in America. Many, perhaps most, are neither comic nor intended to be comic. They dish up hair-raising adventure in the daily lives of absurd and utterly fantastic persons. For stark fearfulness, for blood-curdling, hair-breadth escape from death and disaster, for sheer ingenuity in creating monstrously lethal hazards to life and limb, these comics have no rival in conventional literature.

The comics—now get this—have a paid monthly circulation of 25,215,000! Their readership, according to a recognized authority, is no less than 75 million—and this is over and above the nation-wide, almost universal readership accorded the Sunday newspaper funnies and daily comic and adventure strips. Scores of authentic studies prove, incidentally, that this enormous popularity of the comics is not a juvenile phenomenon: they are read regularly by the vast majority of American adults.

All five of these titillating thriller-dillers—the pulps, the confessions, the detectives, the fans, and the comics—have a total monthly readership that defies calculation. Your guess is as good as mine. One hundred million?

I found not a single book of any kind, as I have said, in the home of one young couple. I fell to investigating how the wide, general popularity of the thriller-dillers might compare with the general readership of books made available to everybody by America's great public-library system.

In the April, 1944, bulletin (Vol. 38, No. 4) of the American Library Asso-

ciation, I find this: In Chicago: a little better than 10% of the population are adult registered book borrowers. In Detroit: slightly more than 13%. In Philadelphia: less than 5%. In Boston: less than 11%. In New Orleans: about 7%. In St. Louis: about 12%.

These figures refer to holders of library cards. A holder is not necessarily a regular user.

The Chicago Public Library's seventy-second annual report makes a further significant comment: "For the third successive year the circulation of books shows a considerable decrease, beginning with 16% in January, continuing at about the same level until the fall, then recovering somewhat to a net loss for the whole year of 13.2%. These circulation losses were apparently common to public libraries in other parts of the country."

I wonder if it is realized how small is the sale of the average book. The novel that sells to the extent of 5000 copies has done very well indeed; 85% of most works of fiction average somewhere between 2500 and 4000. The only books the ordinary man in the street even so much as hears about are the widely publicized "best sellers."

What about nonfiction? Well, the *New York Times Book Review* says that "out of a list of the 150 best sellers in America from 1880 . . . 90 titles were fiction, 18 juveniles." This leaves us with 42 adult titles other than novels, and, among these, two of the top leaders are Fannie Farmer's *The Bos-*

ton Cooking School Cook Book and Dale Carnegie's *How to Win Friends and Influence People*.

But let's get back to the thriller-diller. I almost forgot to mention its first cousin, the "soap opera," the daily serial that feeds through the ear pretty much the same type of stuff that the pulps feed in through the eye. Responsible authorities estimate that between 12 to 15 million housewives listen to these melodramatic tear-jerkers. Approximately 60 serials are presented daily over the four major networks, not to mention many others on regional networks and local stations.

There are more than 30 million radio homes in this country, and it is generally assumed by the experts that up to 50% listen to soap operas.

"We can thank divine providence," said an eminent lecturer recently, "for the blessings of American literacy." Well, maybe. "Tell me what a man reads," an astute scholar once remarked, "and I'll tell you what he is."

Robert S. Lynd, in *Knowledge for What?* makes this wry observation: "As a culture, we are cumulating our disabilities and the resulting strains incident to daily living at a rate faster than social legislation, education, and all the agencies for 'reform' are managing to harness our new knowledge in the reduction of these disabilities. We are becoming culturally illiterate faster than all these agencies are managing to make us literate in the use of the potentialities of the culture."

Exit Mr. Jordan

By RICHARD JORDAN

Condensed from the *Atlantian**

Hail and farewell

The *Atlantian* is a journal published by the prisoners of the U. S. Penitentiary, Atlanta, Ga. Mr. Jordan conducted a column in it while in prison. This is the last one he wrote, just before release.

In good grammar a sentence must end with a period. My sentence has, with this issue of the *Atlantian*, come to an end. This is the period.

For this occasion I will abandon the editorial "we" and revert to the more realistic first-person singular, for as 58218 I can say much that does not properly come from the editor of the *Atlantian*. I can, for instance, put the blast on characters who have been gumming up the works these years past, and sprinkle verbal Chanel No. 5 on noble souls who were there with the muscle when we needed a little push to get over the hump. And I can, for this occasion, give out thoughts strictly personal and not necessarily representative of any other gent in the joint. The real Jordan, revealed at last!

The swallows have returned to Capistrano quite a number of times since that calamitous day in the fall of beautiful, serene 1939 when His Honor presented me with eight brand new calendars, and suggested I use them up at Atlanta. And now, less the usual discount for good behavior, the calendars are used up. Are we square, judge?

It's been a long time. A lot of things

have happened. I've learned a lot about men, and life, and viciousness, and decency. I've learned that few men are as fine as they would have you believe, and few as bad as others would have you believe. I have learned to discount the smugness of the self-avowed paragon, the humility of the consciously humble man, and the opprobrium attached to the guy that "everybody" says is no good.

I have become convinced that prisoners are intrinsically no worse than people outside, that their not-so-good characteristics have somehow been permitted rather greater development—temporary or otherwise—than is ordinarily discernible in free men. Prisoners are individually more selfish than those outside; more selfish than they, themselves, were before confinement. Perhaps confinement and regimentation do this. I don't know. And of selfishness is bred ingratitude, and, oh brother, this jailhouse is a focal point of ingratitude.

There have been other unpleasant characteristics. The tendency, for instance, to exploit each and every opportunity of self-aggrandizement, the inclination to mistrust and suspect, and the unwillingness to cooperate in any enterprise that does not imply or promise immediate benefit to the aforementioned parties of the first part. (Okay,

*U. S. Penitentiary, Atlanta, Ga. June-July, 1945.

okay, ball bats at twenty paces!) It goes without saying that these charges no more apply to any large proportion of the prison population than do re-criminations about black-market patronage to any large proportion of the people outside. Most of the local lads are decent persons who make their canvas, eat their cheese soufflé, do their time and devote their cerebral processes to wondering if the little woman is keeping up the insurance payments, or whether Junior is going to figure out why Daddy went bye-bye. But there is still enough of the other set, the gabblebund, the moaning Charlies, the whining I-deserve-a-break-because-I-am-a-poor-convict fraternity, to justify these few sage words.

I have mentioned "lack of appreciation." During more than five years in this Dixieland dungeon I have seen tremendous benefits accomplished for prisoners. The difference between the Atlanta of 1940 and the Atlanta of 1945 is vast and wonderful, and the progress made by the institution's administration should be as much a source of encouragement to us as it is a source of pride to those out front.

What is the reaction of too great a proportion of the men? It is virtually *nil*. Every new improvement is readily absorbed and more, and *more*, and MORE is stridently requested, often demanded. Prison administrators are human, too, and it would seem to me that this policy of ingratitude-plus-aggrandizement, is a swell way in which to dry up the sources of benefit. In short, and for the benefit of those

who still count with their fingers, someone, some day, is going to say, "Nuts! This is a losing game. Let 'em eat beans and break rocks again."

As indicated at the outset of this masterly dissertation, not all of the things learned the hard way during the last five years have been as tough on the smeller as the findings described. I have met men as decent and unselfish and as clear-minded in human relationships and responsibilities as any I have ever known outside. I have known men who would have been regarded as fine men in any circle or level of society, and their very merit has been accentuated—to me—by the fact that it was perpetuated under most adverse conditions.

Obviously, men cannot be impervious to the malign and morally enervating influences of prison thought and tradition when their only contact, 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, is with prison thought and tradition.

All the more, though, is it plain that prisoners must—for their own protection—know the risk they run of becoming undesirable as human beings because of contamination in prison, and make every effort to insulate themselves from influences that would prey upon them and convert them from relatively pleasant, acceptable, useful persons into bitter, suspicious, selfish parasites. Many men offset these influences. *All* men can do so . . . with insight, courage, and determination to avoid becoming what pharisees outside scornfully refer to as "jailbirds."

Yes, it's been a long time and many

things have happened, most of them bad. The world I left is not the one to which I return. The peoples, sights and sounds of the nice, naïve, foolish yesterdays of 1939 are as departed as the glory that was Greece. Daladier and Chamberlain were still being nosed about Europe while Benito and his pal passed each other the wink. Kene-saw Mountain Landis was scowling, from beneath shaggy white brows, at the antics of the Brothers Dean, and the ill-fated Gehrig evoked roars from the stands with each twirl of his bat. Jack Barrymore lurched through his evening's performance of *My Dear Children* at Chicago's Selwyn theater and lovely Helen Morgan flirted her long chiffon handkerchief and sang the sultry songs of the ebbing era. Warden Lawes ruled at Sing Sing and, on Thursday nights, sold Absorbine Junior over a national hookup. Dorothy Thompson and Sinclair Lewis were still filing a joint return, and Tommy Manville had only worked his way up to marriage number seven, starring a lithesome item known to chorus bookers as Sunny Ainsworth.

In Paris, King Carol was taking Magda Lupescu to see Josephine Baker and the Sunday magazine sections had nothing more important on their minds than the Loch Ness Monster, the Aga Khan, and *Is Mystery Man Zaharoff Fomenting Another War?* You could still buy tenderloin or a carton of Luckies without calling upon Brinks for an escort and Ike Eisenhower was a second-best colonel at Fort Sam Houston. *Rationing, blitz-*

krieg, quisling, flak, and snafu were terms unknown and there was nothing necessarily feminine about a *spar* or a *wave*, or a *wack* either, for that matter. Wendell Wilkie wasn't yet known in a land that was to cheer-revere him, but not vote for him, and a character named Lindbergh was still a grade-A hero to a people soon to snub and then forget him. William Allen White, the gaudy but irresistible Al Smith, George M. Cohan, fabulous Yvette Guilbert, Marvin McIntyre, Ernie Pyle, Justice Louis Brandeis, Stanley Baldwin the king breaker, the choleric Frank Knox, and Mr. Roosevelt of Hyde Park and Washington, all were with us then, all are now gone.

Thinking about this leaves you with a sort of blue-gray recognition of the fragility, the vulnerability and the impermanence of practically everything. "*Tout passe, tout casse, tout change,*" as we say around the Café de la Paix, us boulevardiers.

The reason for the cynicism that pervades this immortal prose is to be found in my experience of the last five years. For how could any man observe the operation of justice through a prison door and avoid cynicism?

Mr. Doe beats a bank out of 500 bucks. Mr. Doe goes to Atlanta for ten years. Mr. Roe heads the Python Copper Company, which cheats the American people out of five million geeters. Mr. Roe gets indicted, the indictment gets forgotten and Mr. Roe goes to Atlanta, on his way to Coral Gables for the winter.

A steel corporation pulls a caper

that would put a number on you, and you, and you. Does the steel corporation find itself handcuffed to a marshal, headed for Atlanta? Don't be ridiculous. But Oscar Hox, who latched onto a steel corporation truck and drove it across a state line; *he* arrived here last week with five big, beautiful years hanging around his neck. This is known as "the little steal formula." Under the *little* steal formula you get measured for the calendar. Under the *big* steal formula, you get continuations and—finally—ho hum, whatever happened to that indictment? And then there's Comrade Browder . . . ahh, Comrade Browder, who was just having his little joke in that perjured passport deal, and it must have wowed somebody, somewhere, because—what d'y'e know—one day came a ducat, and off he went into the wide blue yonder, without even stopping to pack his hammer and sickle. And then there's that other comedian, Chaplin of Hollywood, who likes them young and cheap. Good old Charlie, who transported a pickup 3,000 miles across a dozen state lines, to have her near him in case he went down with one of his chills, or because she played a nice game of gin rummy, or something. For further details, consult your local grapevine.

And so, dearly beloved, that's the reason why we are a little cynical along the edges. This may lead—or mislead—unthinking readers to the conclusion that here is a bad egg, here is a case of unregeneration. Nothing could be further from the truth. True, there *was*

a time when I thought I was that one gent out of a thousand who could play but not pay. I was willing to be a sort of a Robin Hood, robbing the rich to give to the poor, the poor being, in this case, me. But 2,107 days of the steel-and-concrete treatment (and I got stuck with *two* leap years) has convinced me that anyone who thinks he can consistently outsmart 130 million people and their laws is a dope, comma, a knucklehead, comma, and may J. Edgar Hoover have mercy on his soul, period, new paragraph.

To put it in a nutshell—and I can't think of a better place for it—I am a sadder and wiser man; a situation strictly unique for me, for I have been *sadder* on several previous occasions, without being *wiser*. For me now, the lunch bucket and the grindstone, if I can find one with a chin rest. I'll tote that barr'l and I'll lift that bale and I'll leave the field of crime to the purple mob, Frankie Costello, and the Steel Corporation. And maybe some day, if I am careful and stay out of the fleshpots and jackpots, I'll become dignified and respectable and eventually look like one of those characters in the whisky advertisements: high-toned and aristocratic and simply stinking with hauteur.

But more seriously—and cynicism and facetiae temporarily suspended—a man who makes a stopover in one of these academies is bound to wind up with the un-novel conclusion that any racket is a lousy racket; that no caper conceivable is worth a piece of time in prison. It didn't take me five years

and six months to find that out. I suspected it when the electric gate swung open on that day, and I was sure of it, 30 seconds later, when said gate whined shut again. Each day since—murkier and murkier carbon copies of a dull, dismal original—has brought me confirmation of the original thesis.

Incarceration has probably done nothing for my morals. They are just as good or as bad as they were when I passed through the portals, nor do I believe any man is morally regenerated by a prison experience and the threat of more punishment. Not *permanently* regenerated. Moral rehabilitation is developed through the desire to have a better life and be a better person, not by fear of consequences, and it must come as an aftereffect of the prison sequence, not as a parallel reaction. Characters who claim moral renovation while still in prison have an emetic effect on me. Some may be sincere but I suspect most are pretty sad jokes, their regeneration pretty well hooked up to their circumstances and equally subject to change. I'm not discounting the success of "the treatment" from the more realistic angle, however. As I indicated somewhere above, incarceration can give an impressionable man a strong distaste for the things that lead to prison—even the pleasanter ones—and thus reform him in the technical sense. But an avowal of moral rehabilitation from a convict is like a temperance pledge by a rummy still in the throes of a hang-over.

Nor is the foregoing a criticism of

what goes on here in the way of rehabilitation; that's for sure. It's all strictly McCoy. But the administration itself is the first to make it plain that it does no more than provide the *facilities* for reestablishment. The rest is strictly up to the client himself. The best prospect is the thinking man, the gent who looks back on the past and discounts the superficial stuff and the tinny pay-offs and realizes that most of the milestones along the path of his life have been tombstones, each marking the death of some earlier hope or plan.

And now I return to a world that can't possibly be as pleasant and desirable as in my anticipation. But it will be pretty swell no matter how many rainy days develop, no matter how scarce meat becomes, no matter how much it costs to live. (The kill-joys give me *that* routine regularly, these days.) Prison is a very potent cure for ultrasophistication, a physic for boredom, a catharsis for the ennui of those who can't enjoy the ordinary things of life. A little of this and you'll eat your oatmeal like a little man, and love it.

It's a wonderful world out there, full of the same familiar beautiful things. The white, foaming surf still washes smoothly along the sand at Coronado and St. Augustine and Nice and the Hamakua coast. There's aroma and taste to the bouillabaisse at Antoine's in New Orleans, and San Francisco's Joe Vanessi can probably still provide a plate of *sand-dabs au beurre noir* even if the *veal scallopini* is no more.

The same timeless, dusty serenity still pervades the grand unsophisticated little towns along Mexico's west coast . . . Navojoa, Topolobampo, Tanques, Acapone . . . and come evening there'll be the same pleasantly pungent odors of cooking *tortillas* and *tacos*, and of the sun-baked adobe and the burning mesquite wood, and the only sound will be from the church bells at five and again at nine.

New York must still be New York, even if the El is close to being but a memory and Commissioner Moses has exiled the pushcart peddlers to some limbo of their own. And New York, along with its more odious features, possesses many things dear to American psyche and sentiment. There's that placid empty cathedral feeling of lower Manhattan and Wall Street on a Sunday morning, when the money-changers are pounding their ears out in their Long Island neo-Norman villas. And the pleasantly plush atmosphere of upper Fifth Avenue, where even the pavements and street lamps seem to partake of the elegance of the establishments of the region. And Jack Bleec's, in the West Forties, where the Old Fashioneds are never sweetened, and Luchow's for wienerschnitzel, and the utterly by-passed quietude of Gramercy Square on a rich-brown autumn

day. Carnegie Hall of a Sunday afternoon and short orders of Debussy, Dukas and Stravinsky, and for the main event, the Strauss *Till Eulenspiegel*, very colorful and tough on the wood winds. Afterward, just to prove to yourself that there are two kinds of equally good music, down to the Village to hear Hazel Scott beat her supercharged Steinway. And there's still a front seat in a topside Fifth Avenue bus to be had.

There's a lot of other very simple, unfancy things out there that will seem strictly all right after this decade of cold storage: kids who want to go to the circus, friendly waitresses who warn you about the goulash, dogs who want to crawl up onto your bed and get settled for the night, fireflies on a warm summer evening, the sound of coffee percolating on a cold morning, a letter that hasn't been opened by somebody else, a poker threesome on a Pullman looking for a fourth player, dead-leaf bonfires in the small-town back streets, well-stocked delicatessen stores; *ahh, it's a grand world.*

And now I'll say good-by, and I don't mean *au revoir* or *auf wiedersehn* or anything temporary. I mean "good-by," in a firm, unequivocal, don't-leave-a-light-in-the-window-for-me tone.

When the British Prime Minister stated that he had not assumed office in order to preside over the breakup of the British Empire, his words met with universal applause. When the Polish Prime Minister stated that he had not assumed office in order to preside over the dismemberment of Poland, he was said to be reactionary, a visionary, and adjured to be a realist.

Max Alexander in *Kronika Seraficka* (June '45).

A Break for Teen-Agers

By I. J. SHYNE

Brother, can you spare some time?

Condensed from the *Savior's Call**

Teen-agers are having a hard time today. It's not just because they're in that adolescent stage where human nature seems to give them a raw deal. Human beings even forget them—when they have a right to expect a little attention. That leaves them pretty lonely, and on their own.

When they go out and do things for themselves, there's generally a cop or two tagging along with a billy club handy and both eyes open wider than twin moons at full. That gives a lot of enthusiasm! Then, too, they haven't money, connections, or recognition to have much success in a clean, honest way. So what line do many follow? That of least resistance. Translated into the short-on-cash, void-of-culture lives of most kids, this means the lowest-priced movies, which aren't *Going My Way* or *Keys of the Kingdom*, and the cheapest dives where music is hashy, company trashy, and the drinks—well, mashy is often too good a word for it.

Up in Wisconsin a town woke up overnight. The older people there hadn't cared much about what their kids were doing. In fact they didn't seem to mind that there wasn't anything for them to do. The kids went to other towns. Then this night came along. A car packed to the windows with boys and girls left town. The car

didn't get back. The boys and girls did. Dead! A concrete culvert was chipped up, a new Buick crumpled like a deflated jack-in-the-box, a speedometer jammed at 70 per—but these were details. Someone's children were dead!

This wasn't a town where they just hung up the black until sorrow subsided. They did something. There was a place in town that could be converted into a semi-night club. Parents made the deal. Since the kids were going after that kind of life, they put it on the up and up for them. One night a week they rented the place for their teen-aged sons and daughters. Scotch, bourbon, and moonshine went off the bar. Cokes and Seven-up went on, plus everything a first-rate soda fountain could gush forth, with pop and mom laying it down on the ebony bar! Good dance music, card tables, games—and the kids made it a Cocomanut Grove, happy as everything for some reason or other. They had no sneaky, sickening feelings with dad and mom setting it up and looking on.

The case was almost duplicated last year in a small Kansas parish. A car full of teen-agers coming home from a dance in a neighboring town hit a bridge. Two were killed; three others seriously injured.

This time it was the pastor who

**The Salvatorian Fathers, St. Nazianz, Wis. August, 1945.*

worked out the solution. He turned a cobwebby old parish hall into a slick recreational palace. Every time he had a dance there, he himself was behind the counter serving refreshments. Boys who once shunned the sight of a priest found out between hamburgers and soda pop that a priest was a human being trying to help them live right and be happy. The artificially strained midriff of this tense town relaxed, and the kids fell into the civic swing of things smoothly. They had divorced themselves from everything because they thought they were different—but they found out that everyone else was just like themselves, and that others were willing to give them a break instead of skin them alive.

But who's going to get behind those kids and give them the breaks? And what kind of breaks should they be given? These are fundamental questions. After all, kids can't organize themselves. And whether dances, gladiatorial fests, and junior night clubs should be thrown at them is certainly a matter that has two sides to it.

They have to be organized to get even the "necessities" of youth. Almost every attempt made by kids themselves in this direction ends up in a gang, an abandoned building, stolen cars, and eventually the penitentiary or reform school. With adult society hanging over them like a matted web of jungle trees, one can't expect the grass of a young society to sprout and grow all by itself. The big trees have to co-operate somehow. But *who* can do this work?

Should it be the parish priest, as in the Kansas town, or the parents, like those in Wisconsin, who made life for their kids something swell and different? Who?

In St. Louis a Jesuit lay Brother at St. Francis Xavier church was worried because the boys in the parish were not being given an opportunity for decent leisure-time recreation. The neighborhood streets, public pool halls, and dirty alleys weren't the right environment for growing boys. But what results would he get by going out and calling, "Come here, fellows, let's hang out around the church!"?

Then one day along came a candle salesman. He had the build of an all-American and just about as much athletic experience. Brother Malone, the lay Brother, bought a load of candles; the salesman, Vince O'Connor, took home a load of ideas. In a few months they were working together at a boys' organization.

At first, athletics was the magnet; but slowly Brother Malone put dynamic Catholic ideas into boys' heads. The boys turned the ideas into action, and today the Xavier Boys' Club has not only championship basketball and baseball teams, but a roster of daily Mass servers, a sparkling recreation club, and meetings that start with prayer and inspire the boys by spiritual reading as well as the reading of letters from the overseas club members. And don't think these boys don't spread the ink telling their little brothers back home what being a member of the club did for them, and how much

a strong religious nature meant out there on a battlefield!

The Xavier Boys' Club has many dances, its competitive sports, private skating and swimming parties. But these things are not responsible for the fine spirit in these young men. It's something else.

In Los Angeles, where gangs and delinquents just about had the whole city stumped, a woman broke into one of the gangs of boys and girls and did an untold world of good. She was Sister Mariel, a Sister of Social Service. She found one of the members of the gang sick in bed, and became his friend. She proposed getting an old store for the gang's hideout. The boy became well instantly. He told the gang. For several days the plan and the woman were discussed. Only then did they take her into one of the meetings.

Once an old store had been found and the arrangements made by Sister Mariel, the boys and girls were in it with brooms and hammers, getting things ready. Sister Mariel was with them, chatting as she rubbed the polishing rag over the windows, getting all the "lowdown." It was the members themselves who pushed the conversation down the spiritual avenue!

They all had dream ideas of how the clubrooms should be furnished, had repressed desires which they were helpless to achieve in their own homes. They made strict rules on using their old-store haven. "Hardware" was to be checked at the door. Severe penalties were ordered for all violations.

They chose a more decent name for their gang. They continued to wear a mark of identification.

Eventually, most of the "gang" were in the armed forces. Several gave their lives for their country. But all are changed. Stealing that was once a necessary means to their desired end can be dispensed with, since someone found them a legitimate way of getting their needs. And there's something positive in them, too — some wonderful thing.

In Kansas City a troubleshooter for the Power and Light Company whose night calls were pretty heavily punctuated with sights of teen-aged kids prowling around alleys, sticking their faces against store windows, pilfering little things, swearing, and all that, made up his mind to do something for these kids at his first opportunity.

He had taken his electrical job only after he had broken his leg in a game. For the first four years after he returned from France after World War I, he made his living at sports. There was no game he couldn't play. And somehow even looking up short circuits didn't take that yearning for good clean play out of his life.

Then came a chance to coach boys at a grade school. He took it. A championship team was born. Today Robert Hill not only helps athletically the grammar-school teams in his parish, but he is also CYO Athletic Director of all Kansas City, and teen-aged boys and girls all over the town thank him for the thousand arrangements he makes to help them live happy lives.

It's not a slaving job to work for a group of young boys and girls. It's fun. Bob Hill's old friends notice that he's almost disappeared from the favorite recreational hall where he was champ at aerial darts and other sports.

"What's the matter, Bob? No bowling or darts any more?"

"Say, Pal, if I just had one-tenth the fun at those sports that I have now working with young boys and girls, I'd be there every night!"

Bob Hill has turned his backyard into a paved basketball court. Thirty boys are out there almost every night. He is convinced that teen-agers need adult leadership. Their response is pay enough. It's a great feeling to have teen-aged boys and girls all over the city call you by your name every time they see you on the street or at a game, and to see a dozen pair of eager eyes, soft, listening, and sincere, glued on you while you tell them that it's not enough just to be able to play ball—that you have to be an honest, clean person and a good student besides. In the two years Hill has been coaching teen-agers, he has never heard a cuss word from one of them.

But are athletics and dances the things that improve those boys and girls? Or is it something else? I know of cases where such things were handed to youth on a silver platter, and the kids became all the worse for it.

I know of a "Teen-town" organized to handle 2,000 teen-agers on Saturday nights and keep them off the streets. It does that till 11 P.M. But God help anyone who gets in their way from

the time the place closes till the cuckoo quacks three or four Sunday morning! Even the kids attending admit the set-up is far from perfect. "We need another organization to handle things till everybody's home," one of them said. Another boy complained that too many "professional" delinquents attended and ran things until 11—and after.

No, it's not the *things* dished out. It's *who* is dishing. It's the fact that somebody is dishing at all, that somebody who thinks kids are worth something is doing what kids themselves inevitably fail at when they try alone. It's the fact that somebody is letting them know they are important, which is just a down-to-earth way of telling them they are children of God.

In Wisconsin the mothers and fathers became generously interested. The kids couldn't help but notice it. They became sincere and cooperative.

In Kansas the parish priest was an example to youths who saw he loved them.

The Sister of Social Service in Los Angeles was something like a star in those ex-hoodlums' lives. No one before had ever cared.

The boys and girls of Kansas City know that Bob Hill really wants them to become the best boys and girls in the world. And it's worth trying to satisfy someone who tries so hard for them.

Anyone can put his or her feet into those need-crying shoes of youth cooperation and leadership. If he really wants to help boys and girls, he'll get

results. He'll soon find that dances and ball teams are not all that youth really wants and needs. But he'll find that, if well directed, they can become a good substitute for the real thing that should exist but often does not: a good home life.

Kids are made or ruined at home. A dozen judges of juvenile courts last year looked at young delinquents they sentenced and said they blamed the mothers and fathers of these children more than the children.

The home is where the family lives. It's not dad's house or where mother holds a bridge party twice a month. It's the whole family's. The parents do the most important work of their lives there. The children are reared there—or not at all. It's everybody's house.


The most perfect man I have known was a college classmate. He was handsome, always at ease, social, jovial, sincere, religious. I asked him once how he got that way.

He pulled his photograph album out from between his chemistry and English notebooks. "If I got anything at all," he said, "here's where it came from. This is our home. Here's mother. She's really swell. And dad. He's a real pal. This is our living room. We've

had great times there. Singing, dancing, talking, Chinese checkers, hobbies. That's Eileen, my youngest sister. That's Marge; a girl I used to bring over to the house a lot. Those fellows are Joe Redmond and Wayne Kennedy. Eileen and Louise, my other sister there, used to have them over a lot. Still do. You know, mother and dad used to say to us kids, 'This home is as much yours as it is ours. Any time you want to bring anyone over for dinner or have a party, you're perfectly welcome. Just say when, and we'll get the icebox stacked full.' And they meant every word of it. See that phonograph? Three hundred dollars! Dad bought it just so we kids could have dances at home. And the malted milks mother used to make! Look at this silly picture of Marge and me. I think it was about our tenth malted that night!"

Silly? Or more than kids deserve? Will it ruin them? Louise is happily married. Eileen became an Army nurse. John is about through the seminary.

The home's the thing. But many teen-agers have no functioning home. That leaves a chance for a lot of us to play dad and mom or even angel to fundamentally swell kids.



During a convention in Los Angeles one of the downtown boulevards was roped off for a parade. Only official cars with large signs such as Potentate and Past Potentate were allowed there; all other traffic was halted or re-routed. But one ingenious Californian got by the police blockade and drove nonchalantly down the street. His placard read: Past Participle.

The New Higher Education

By JOHN JULIAN RYAN

Condensed from the *Pilot**

Harvard's bombshell

Not often does a great educational institution have the courage and wisdom to commission a large corps of scholarly investigators to make an honest, unsparing diagnosis of its defects and to offer a prescription for remedying them. The first reaction to the 267-page survey, *General Education in a Free Society*, issued after two years of study by a Harvard committee, is one of deep gratitude.

The report enables us to foresee, at least dimly, the next development in American college and pre-college education, because Harvard's influence on higher education in America cannot be overestimated. Many colleges and preparatory schools are what they are either because they follow Harvard's lead or because they almost automatically turn away from that lead. As goes Harvard so go many of the colleges who depend upon it for Ph.D.-staffed faculties. Many preparatory schools are designed to turn out prospective Harvard men. Those schools affect, indirectly, other preparatory schools, serving as models for those that feed, for example, into Yale or Princeton, Williams or Amherst.

Whatever the value of the report as a means of foreseeing the next trend in American education, it presages a death blow to self-centered specialism and dilettantism. Under the system of

free electives, teachers naturally assumed that young men who took their courses were intending to become specialists (probably Ph.D.'s); hence, the courses were composed and taught on this assumption. The later modification of the system, to one of concentration and distribution, prevented absolute narrowness or willful dissipation of interest; but the courses were still given as if each student was to be a Ph.D. in one field. Moreover, the student was encouraged to believe he was acquiring knowledge, not in relation to other human beings, but only for his own needs—especially to become a "success" in a world of hard-bitten competitors. The report makes it clear that in neither subject matter nor methods of instruction will the merely self-centered student find any satisfaction from now on.

Every student at Harvard hereafter is to be shown his relationship to his fellow Americans (and fellow Europeans), as well as trained to deal with them patriotically and cooperatively. The curriculum and methods of teaching are to be determined by the need for turning out high-minded citizens. Thus, the core of the curriculum is to be a certain group of *required* courses which will presumably make the student realize that he lives in a certain culture and a certain place, with obli-

*49 Franklin St., Boston, 10, Mass. July 28, 1945.

gations to both. The courses comprise: one in the great texts of literature; another in American democracy, which would acquaint the student with problems with which he will have to cope as an American; and still another in human relations, apparently designed to make the sciences into at least part-time handmaidens of society instead of unconcerned goddesses in ivory towers.

The instruction also is to be humanized and generalized; instructors are to have smaller classes; and the opportunity of consulting tutor-specialists is to be limited to students capable of making a sound use of specialized knowledge. In short, Harvard is to turn out not self-centered go-getters or scientific and philosophic escapists, but well-rounded citizens, i.e., Americans aware of one another's traditions.

Now, in one way, all this is very good. It must surely help all American colleges to deal with that plaguy person, the materialistic parent who wants "his son to have the luxuries which he, himself, never had." To this sort of parent, college has long meant simply a place where his son could be given a chance to get the diploma, make the social contacts, acquire the polish, and win the athletic fame which make success in the business world fairly easy.

The American college has been considered an institution for stuffing the mind with "knowledge" that is "power"—the knowledge that will enable the student to gain a livelihood as "a big shot" in the business world, a vote-getter, a "clever" lawyer, or a well-paid professor. The fact that his son might

never become a decent citizen, or might lose his soul, or let it waste away from lack of the Bread of Heaven, never occurred to this type of solicitous parent. Having accepted, innocently and forgivably enough, the aims of our "leading" colleges, he naturally assumed that all other colleges, Catholic included, were to be judged by whether they had those aims and could attain them.

The deans of all our colleges, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, have long been plagued by the demands of parents who wished to have their sons transformed into materialistic saints, into "boys who would never do anything wrong," except, of course, underpay the help; evict unfortunate tenants; take a little honest graft now and then, or give it; drive a competitor out of business; run a gossip column; or master legal chicanery.

Now, with the publication of this report, we may have the glimmering of a new dawn. If its suggestions are adopted far and wide the moment may well come when deans will be able to say to student and parent alike: "No; your choice does not lie between an arts college which trains you for selfishness and one which does not; your choice lies only between one which trains you for one kind of unselfish life and another which trains you for another kind of unselfish life."

When that moment comes, the deans of our Catholic colleges will be free to add: "Yes; it is all right patriotically to give to Caesar the things that are Caesar's; but it would also seem necessary

to give to God something besides a few hours of study to the part religion played in building up the institutions of western civilization. And that reduces your choice essentially to two kinds of college: one whose aim is to turn out men who are primarily patriots; the other, whose aim is to turn out men who are primarily saints. Neither is likely to attain these aims fully. The question therefore simply is, where would you rather be trained: at a college whose motto reads, 'Seek ye first to be intelligent citizens—a sound people of a sound country—and all these things will be added unto you;' or at one whose motto is, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you?' You are not to be a Christian to win success; but, on the word of our Lord Himself, if you are a Christian, you cannot but be, in every real sense, a success."

So it may well be that this report issued by Harvard will make doubly easy the task of rectors, deans, and professors of Catholic colleges who are earnestly striving to make them as Catholic as possible. It may well show parents and students that none of the leading colleges will any longer cater to the bourgeois, the epicurean, or the philistine; that they are all striving to get their students to lead some kind of dedicated life; but that the choice lies,

as always, between a dedication primarily to Caesar or primarily to Christ.

Granted that the curriculum of a Catholic college should be integrated in terms of this second aim, the authorities can go ahead rearranging that curriculum and the teaching methods in some such way as I suggested in my recent book, *The Idea of a Catholic College*. And perhaps we shall then see the day in which every Catholic college will wholeheartedly and undistractedly concentrate on training students how best, in charity, to participate in the Mass, receive the sacraments, make use of the sacramentals, pray (liturgically as well as privately), contemplate, appreciate, study, and work.

Developing the natural faculties, imaginations, intellects, and wills, of its students to the utmost, it will promote all those sound habits of craftsmanship and industry, economic, political, and social cooperation, scientific investigation, discrimination, and philosophic and theological contemplation that will aid them, as members of the mystical Body of Christ, to regain the integrity lost at the Fall, to sanctify themselves, sacramentalize the world and society, while making a living (whether as professional men, businessmen, or craftsmen), and to share at all times as intimately as possible in the work of the Trinity, now and forever.

Whenever a farmer sells you a basket of apples, his reputation is on top of the basket; later you will discover his character somewhere near the bottom.

David T. Armstrong.

The Making of a Priest

By JOHN S. KENNEDY

Condensed from *Columbia**

"Secrets" of the seminary

"What's that? I'll have to get up at 5:30? Every morning? Stop the train!" The speaker was on his way to a major seminary to study for the priesthood. He knew nothing of seminary routine. When, for the first time, he learned the hour of rising, which seemed like the middle of the night, he was dumbfounded. But he went on to his destination, proved an excellent seminarian, became a priest, and today is serving with distinction as a chaplain.

Surprisingly few Catholics know much about the years of preparation for the priesthood. For all their familiarity with priests, before and after ordination, not many Catholics are acquainted with the nature and details of seminary life.

John Joyce has, for years, been in and out of the neighbors' houses. He has gone to school with their children, played baseball with them, accompanied them to the movies, had a part in their mischief. Nothing prissy about him.

But he goes to the seminary. He is away for most of the year. During vacations he wears a black suit and black tie; is at Mass daily; does not frequent entertainment centers which attract his companions of yesterday. He is as pleasant as ever, not pietistic, preachy, sanctimonious or simpering. But there

is a difference in him, a marked and growing difference. He is by no means alienated from the neighbors, but they note a reserve.

The day comes when they are invited to assist at his first solemn Mass. They see him enter the sanctuary clad in the sacred vestments and are deeply moved as, for them and with them, he offers the mysterious and saving Sacrifice. He is now a priest, a man anointed and set apart. They call him "Father." They tip their hats to him. By virtue of his ordination he has this dignity, commands this loving respect. Ordination made him a priest. But what readied him for ordination? What molded and informed him? That they know only vaguely. Their ideas are fragmentary, hazy, perhaps fantastic.

They do know, of course, that he was not shanghaied into being a priest. It was a free choice. God elected him; but he elected God as well. Given a vocation, he did not have to accept it. At stage after stage of his seminary career, he was questioned as to his voluntary decision. Every effort was made to ascertain the complete freedom of his choice. At any time he could have left.

He may have decided early in life that he wanted to be a priest, in which case he probably went to a preparatory

*45 Wall St., New Haven, 7, Conn. September, 1945.

seminary, rather than to a high school and college open to all.

The preparatory seminary has a six-year course, four years of high school and two of college. Like every seminary, it is staffed by priests; it takes priests to educate future priests. They impart a liberal education, with religion playing a central and sovereign part. Religion dominates the curriculum as the chapel dominates the campus.

This is evident in the order of the day. Early rising is followed by morning prayer in common, meditation, and Mass. Meals begin and conclude with grace. At noon all assemble in chapel for a period of silence during which each examines his conscience, takes note of his spiritual state. In the early evening there is spiritual reading: a talk by the superior or another member of the faculty or the reading of an excerpt from some spiritual treatise or biography. The day ends with night prayer. On Sundays and holydays solemn Mass is offered, with the students acting as minor ministers and chanting, and, in the afternoon, participating in Vespers. The spirit of prayer pervades the classroom. Each class begins and ends with prayer.

Languages are stressed in the minor-seminary course. Latin is studied for six years; it is the language of the liturgy, of many of the great seminal books of Christianity, and of the texts used in the major seminary. Scarcely less attention is given to Greek, in which the New Testament was written. A French course is standard; instruction

in Italian and German is common. Other modern languages may be taught, according as mastery of one or another is required in certain dioceses.

English is not neglected. For six years the students are drilled in the fundamentals of their town tongue, its grammar and vocabulary, steeped in its literature, guided in writing it clearly and gracefully.

Courses in general history, as distinguished from the particular study of Church history, run through the minor-seminary course. These include ancient, medieval, and modern history, with special attention to American history. Mathematics is stressed, from arithmetic, through algebra, geometry, and trigonometry. Nor are the sciences slighted. Some of our minor seminaries have laboratories at least the equal of those in the best-equipped colleges. Physics, chemistry, and, in some instances, biology are taught. The elements of Christian doctrine are communicated in religion classes.

Upon completion of his minor-seminary education, the student is appointed, by the bishop of the diocese of which he intends to be a priest, to one of the major seminaries situated in various parts of the country or abroad. He has finished two years of college work. Now begins the special preparation for the demands of the priesthood.

He finds the major seminary different in many respects from the minor. The most striking difference is in his garb. Formerly he dressed much like other young men, if a bit more soberly.

But now his apparel is that of the priest. He wears the Roman collar. In the house he wears a cassock, on the street a black suit and hat. As he goes about the community in which the seminary is located, he is often mistaken for a priest and greeted as "Father." This does not displease him in the least.

The putting on of priestly dress reminds him that he is drawing near to the priestly state. He is not yet a priest, but will be soon. The interval is short. He must make good use of it.

The priests in charge take pains to see he does. The regime is stricter than in the minor seminary. For example, silence is the rule in the house. There are times of recreation thrice daily. In them the seminarian may speak freely, and he may, of course, speak in class. Otherwise he is to be silent unless circumstances demand that he speak quietly, briefly.

The seminary is a place of recollection and intensive intellectual work. The student is in the seminary to pray and study. Both require concentration. Concentration requires silence. The very idea of a rule of silence is revolting to worldly persons. But much everyday speech consists of sheer nothingness, lengthily and loudly voiced. The seminary silence is not a dead silence. It is vital, charged with mental and spiritual activity.

That this rule works no harm on the spirits or the vocal chords of the students is obvious in times of recreation. Conversation then is lively, which is not to say boisterous, and punctuated

by ringing laughter eloquent of contentment and fun. In all seminaries, major and minor, there are plenty of facilities for sport. The unofficial coaching which accompanies a football or baseball game in the enclosed grounds is full-volumed and vigorous. All are encouraged to play; all are required to get out in the fresh air. Some three hours are set aside daily for recreation in most seminaries.

Rising is at about 5:30. The bell sounds, and immediately afterwards the air is filled with a chant of "Blessed be the Lord," as a student on each floor goes down the corridor knocking at the other students' doors and sounding this sentiment. When the prayer is uttered outside his door, the room's occupant answers, "Thanks be to God."

Twenty minutes are given for washing and dressing. Then, as a second bell is rung, all gather in the chapel or in an assembly hall for morning prayer and meditation. Clad in cassock and surplice, each kneels in his place during the prayers which the superior leads.

Meditation lasts a little under half an hour. Points to be considered are either read aloud for the whole group or silently by each individual. These deal with the life of Christ, some particular of Christian teaching or practice, or the virtues. The student reflects on the subject chosen, applies it to himself, searches his own record in the light of it, makes resolutions, and prays for assistance in carrying them out.

After meditation comes Mass. The major-seminary chapel is often quite

unlike the ordinary parish church in having kneelers and seats arranged in choir fashion: at right angles to the altar, making the entire chapel one large sanctuary. The major seminarian is closer to the altar than the man in the world; he belongs in the sanctuary.

During breakfast, in many seminaries a student reads to the rest. Silence is habitually observed even during meals, although this practice may be modified at any time, and exceptions are always made on Sundays and holydays. Students wait on table. They wear aprons, and serving their associates reminds them of Christ's willing assumption of such a function at the Last Supper.

Classes are held six days a week, with two afternoons generally free for walks in the city or countryside or recreation on the grounds. Most classes are conducted in Latin, with the professors using it for their lectures, the students using it for their inquiries or answers to quizzes.

The six-year course in the major seminary falls into two divisions: the first two years are commonly called Philosophy, the last four Theology. The study of philosophy is paramount in the first, theology in the second.

The philosophy course is not exclusively devoted to philosophy. That science is given the principal amount of attention, all its divisions as well as its history being canvassed, but there are classes in other subjects as well. These include study of the Scriptures, all during the major-seminary years, languages classical and modern, and

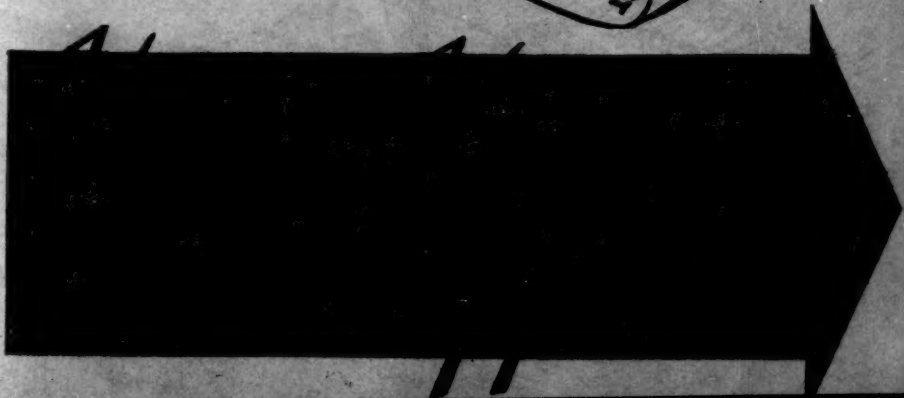
science. Additional courses may cover economics, political science, education, etc.

During the period designated Theology, the student goes deeply and systematically into that profound and thrilling science, acquiring a thorough and exact knowledge of both dogmatic and moral theology. He also studies the Scriptures, canon law, Church history, Hebrew, and liturgy, and is supplied with all the practical as well as theoretical information he will need in the priesthood. The many phases of the pastoral labors he will undertake are considered, from administration of the sacraments to solving cases of conscience, from preaching to managing church property.

His studies absorb the greater part of the day. In class several hours, for several hours more he is preparing for class in his own room or in the well-stocked library. In addition to his regular instructors, he frequently hears visitors expert in all manner of subjects, such as contemporary literature, child psychology, and labor problems.

Prayer is not outranked by study. Before lunch there is examination of conscience. After lunch or dinner there is a community visit to the Blessed Sacrament. An individual visit to the Blessed Sacrament is prescribed as part of the daily round; a holy hour in the chapel is suggested. At all hours of the day there is a small group of surplined students, representing the rest, in adoration before the tabernacle; the chapel is never without others making private devotions.

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"No doubt you will be surprised to hear from a British soldier and from Italy at that. Today, Sunday, I came in from Holy Mass and found the first copy of the CATHOLIC DIGEST. It was dated Dec., 1943, Vol. 8, No. 2; a little old perhaps, but I enjoyed reading it very much indeed. Sitting here, on my rough bed amidst my worldly possessions, after reading ASSIGNMENT AT DAWN by S. B. Earley, I thought of my best friend, my schoolboy chum, a mere kid of 22, who, my folks back home inform me, is missing from operations over Berlin. I offered up my Mass this morning that his parents may have received news he is safe, even if a POW. I think I know what prayers mean. I have prayed when I've been in a few queer predicaments and believe me there are no atheists in the foxholes on any battlefield. Well, I don't know when I shall see another DIGEST, but I want to just tell you how much I enjoyed it. It was great!"

—Pvt. J. O. Duffy.

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Testimonial

"It is only since we came here some three years ago that we have become interested in investigating the Catholic faith. My husband was baptized at St. Raphael's in May. Our two sons, both quite small, were baptized at the same time, but I have not yet finished my instruction. I was late getting started, as I was quite prejudiced at first, having lived all my life in a section of the country where an altogether erroneous idea exists concerning the Catholic religion. A wider circulation of publications such as yours would, I think, lead to a better understanding in the minds of those who are not Catholics. I know I am still amazed at how utterly Catholicism differs from the idea I had held about it all my life. One of the first things that began changing my ideas and softening my prejudice was a copy of the CATHOLIC DIGEST, which a friend of my husband's gave him. You can see that there is good reason for our being so much attached to the DIGEST, and we shall certainly look forward to receiving it at our new address."

—Mrs. Lloyd Allen Harris.

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The spiritual conference in the evening is longer than that in the minor seminary. At it the superior or another member of the faculty gives a discourse dealing with the priesthood, its character, history, great exemplars, responsibilities, the perfection exacted of the priest. The day is concluded with night prayer, after which the solemn "grand silence" begins, not to be broken until morning.

Every major seminarian has his own spiritual director, a priest with whom he consults at regular intervals. This director takes a particular interest in him, gets to know him well, gives him the benefit of his advice, and offers his solidly based and well-considered opinion as to whether or not the student is suited for the priestly life.

The students are all carefully supervised and scrutinized by the faculty as a whole. Everything about them is observed and, in formal meetings, they are discussed in their turn. The faculty must decide on each student's qualifications, spiritual, mental, temperamental, and physical, for the priestly calling. They must make reports and recommendations to the bishops under whose jurisdiction the students severally come.

When the student has been in the major seminary for two years or more and has, during that time, proved worthy, he is given tonsure: that is, admitted to the clerical state in a ceremony performed by a bishop. At the end of his first year of theology he is given the first two minor Orders; at the end of his second year of theology

the second two minor Orders. At the end of his third year he is admitted to major Orders, being ordained subdeacon. Shortly thereafter, usually at the beginning of his fourth year, he is advanced to the diaconate. He is now on the verge of the priesthood, which comes with conclusion of his course.

No man is deserving of the priesthood, which identifies him with Christ in the very essence of the Incarnation, makes him the mediator between God and man, and invests him with august powers. But it is of divine appointment that there should be priests. The Church undertakes to prepare candidates as well as can be done. Each one she sifts; each one she equips to the best of her ability. It is a prolonged, delicate, intricate process. That process is performed in her seminaries.

John Joyce went to one of them, and came out a different man. He found the seminary a busy place, where not a moment is wasted, where all is deliberate order and purposive activity. He found it a holy place, with Christ Master of the house and a felt Presence in its every part. He found it a happy place, for in it there was no one who did not want to be there, where everyone was striving to master the art of living intimately with God and his fellows.

The seminary, so strange to John Joyce's neighbors, was no strange place to him. It is home to the seminarian, who there is disciplined intellectually and spiritually for the momentous and difficult task of bringing Christ to souls and souls to Christ.

Flowers of Night

By J. F. CAIUS

Condensed from the *New Review**

The perfumed clocks

Linnaeus, father of modern botany, divided flowers into three classes, according to their response to atmospheric changes. First he put meteoric flowers, whose times of opening and closing are related more to the bright clear sky and the warm genial atmosphere, than to the hour of day.

The second class consisted of tropical flowers, and included such as open in the morning and close before evening, but expand earlier or later according as the day is long or short. Lastly, were equinoctial flowers, which open at a certain hour, and for the most part close at a definite hour. Observation of peculiarities in such movements enabled the celebrated botanist to construct his floral clock.

No more touching token remains of the pious reverence with which his countrymen honor Linnaeus' name than a half circle, carefully arranged around his writing table, of plants which open their flowers each at a given time, so that at a glance they reveal the hour of the day.

Under normal conditions many flowers open or close more or less at the same time, within a one-hour limit. Some have so impressed man with this habit that they have been given a name indicating the exact period of the day at which they open or close their petals.

Lady Eleven-o'clock is also known

in French as *Dame or Belle de onze heures*, from its waking up and opening its eyes so late in the day. For 15 days its exquisite little flowers expand regularly at 11 A.M. and brighten the woods, thickets, and pastures. The plant is also called star-of-Bethlehem, by which it is perhaps better known.

Again, Venice mallow, a native of Italy and Austria, with a purple-and-yellow flower, has long been known in England's gardens as Good-night-at-noon; although it should rather be Good-night-at-nine; for the beautiful flower opens at eight in the morning, and, having received the beams of the sun, closes again at nine. Speaking of the goatsbeard, Gerard says: "It shutteth it selfe at twelve of the clocke, and sheweth not his face open untill the next dayes sunne do make it floure anew, whereupon it was called Go-to-bed-at-noon."

Then there is the pretty, modest scarlet pimpernel, which has a score of quaint folk names wherever it grows. Many call it shepherd's clock or shepherd's watch because, under bright skies, the flower opens out flat between 8 and 9 A.M. and begins to furl its petals in sleep at 3 P.M.; thus the shepherd, when far from home, can tell the slow advance of the afternoon hours.

Another timekeeper, the marvel-of-Peru, a beautiful and fragrant plant of

*5 Dharamtala St., Calcutta, India. June, 1945.

India, often so prevalent near villages as to exclude all other vegetation, is called the four-o'clock because of the regularity with which its flowers remain open from 4 P.M. until 8 A.M., when they begin to close. In Malaya, it is sometimes given a conspicuous place in the cottage garden, to answer the purpose of a dial or clock, chiefly in cloudy weather, when the sun, chief rural timepiece, hides its face.

An old-fashioned plant is the white or evening campion which, during summer, consorts with the red campion in cornfields or hedgerows. This sweet flower attracts little attention, although its fragrance is delightful. It opens completely at night, from six till nine next morning; this is why the plant is called *vespertina*, the vesper or evening *Lychnis*. It is rich in honey, but as the calyx is long and constricted in its upper part, it is necessary for insects to force this narrow passage, and the nectar cannot be reached except by those with a proboscis at least half an inch long. The elephant hawk moth is one of them.

A relative is the night-flowering catchfly, which unfurls its petals between 5 and 6 P.M. When moths begin their rounds at dusk, the flowers emit a fragrance that guides them to a feast prepared for them alone. Day-blooming catchflies need no scent; color and markings are a sufficient guide to butterflies. Sticky hairs along the stem ruthlessly destroy, not flies, but mostly ants, that would pilfer nectar without rendering the plant any service. Nothing can be more beautiful

among British wild flowers than a field in which the night-blooming catchfly grows abundantly. During the day no trace of it can be seen, but at seven in the evening a remarkable change takes place. As though called up by the waving of a fairy wand, the little blossoms, sparkling like gems, are scattered thickly over the ground.

Dame's violet is another fragrant evening flower. It was for many years a favorite of German women, hence its name: they refer to it as *Nacht Viole* or night violet, which recalls the botanical name *Hesperis*. It is especially odoriferous in the evening, and therefore probably fertilized by moths, although visited in daytime by bees and butterflies. In the language of flowers Dame's violet represents deceit, since it remains odorless by day and gives out a lovely night perfume.

The Germans call the tuberose, famous for fragrance, *Nachtliebste* or Night's Darling. The Malays call it Mistress-of-the-Night. Its fragrance, a wonderful bouquet, is extracted generally by enfleurage, as the flower continues for 48 hours to produce odoriferous bodies while in contact with lard. The flowers are also extracted direct by means of volatile solvents, and the floressence is one of the most expensive of natural-flower products; 1200 kilograms of flowers produce only about 200 grams of floressence. The tuberose has been regarded as the symbol of voluptuousness, for the older writers generally considered the perfume slightly intoxicating: one advises good girls not to breathe its odor on

a fine evening. The plant is largely cultivated in India, Ceylon, and Java.

Equally vigilant throughout night watches is the night jasmine, also called Tree-of-Sadness because it blooms only at night. It is a large unsightly shrub, common in India, and remarkable for a profusion of small, starlike, orange-centered white flowers, which it bears every night during fall, scenting the atmosphere for a wide distance with a honeylike fragrance. A single plant will perfume a space some 60 feet in diameter.

The shrub's flowers drop off in the morning, carpeting the ground. They are usually collected by children and women, and the corolla tubes are used to dye silken fabrics bright orange. Known as Pârijatâka, the plant is supposed to have been brought from heaven by Krishna for his wife Satyâbhâma, and the flowers are much used in Hindu worship as votive offerings. The story goes that a king's daughter, named Pârijatâka, fell in love with the sun, who soon deserted her, whereupon she killed herself and was burned. This shrub arose from her ashes; but, unable to bear the sight of the sun, it sheds its flowers in the morning.

The morning-glory family includes a fair number of night-bloomers. Traveler's midnight lilies are large, handsome, pale-purple flowers which unfold after dark, and fade away shortly after dawn. Punctually the moonflower expands its immense, pure white, sweet-scented blossoms at night for certain moths; it usually closes in the

morning, sometimes remaining open till noon.

The tamarind tree and Indian water lilies are also nocturnal, and remain alert while plants around them droop in sleep. A flood of fragrance reveals the tobacco herb. Its white flowers gleam by night, by day close-folded and dingy-looking, sleeping, and giving no scent. In the evening it is but a matter of a minute or two before they are wide awake.

Evening primroses sleep by day and, as Crabbe sings, open their flowers

When weary peasants at the close of day

Walk to their cots, and part upon the way,

When cattle slowly cross the shallow brook,

And shepherds pen their folds, and rest upon their crook.

In the words of Marcus Woodward, "at a mystic twilight moment, as the bud swells, a sort of shiver passes over the sleepers, and in the twinkling of an eye—at most in a minute or two—the flower is wide awake, and the bud which was closed is seen to doff its hood and blossom, with a silken burst of sound" or, according to popular tradition, with a popping noise. Half an hour may pass from the first bursting to the final expansion, and then the flowers are slightly fragrant.

In the wild state, the common evening primrose does not open its large, bright, yellow flowers suddenly and with a pop, but unfurls its delicate petals slowly, almost timidly. Their

fragrance, at first only slight, becomes increasingly powerful. Soon come sphinx moths large and small. They flutter in ecstasy above the flowers, and in their flight transfer some of the sticky pollen that hangs like a necklace from the outstretched filaments. After a single night's dissipation the corolla wilts, hangs a while, and then drops from the maturing capsule as if severed with a sharp knife. If a flower has not been pollenized during the night it remains open a while in the morning. Bumblebees hurry in, and an occasional hummingbird takes a sip of nectar. Later, toward season's end when so much seed has been set that the flower can afford to be generous, it distinctly changes its habit and keeps "open house" all day.

Enothera (the evening primrose), Greek for *wine-scenting*, alludes to an ancient use of its roots, eaten to provoke a relish for wine, as olives are now.

It was sent from Virginia to Padua in 1619, and carried from Italy all over Europe, where in some countries it is made the emblem of inconstancy.

On the other hand, the honeysuckle or woodbine is the floral emblem of constancy. Its climbing habit is a principal feature. It nestles by the roadside, amidst briars and thorns, casting around a delightfully sweet odor, and attracting the long-tongued moths at night. The flowers, at first erect, open about 7 P.M. They soon bend to a horizontal position, the upper part lifting, the lower curling back. Now the mouth is seen, white and alluring, and

the five stamens with their bright orange-red tops project like fingers feeling out to greet the guests. The honey wells up in the tube, and, poised above the blossoms, the moths sip without pause of whirring wings. Swift as thought, they dart away, carrying rough, rounded pollen grains.

The next evening a change has taken place. Withered stamens hang in a tassel; and there now springs from the heart of the flower a delicate thread-like growth bearing a tiny, green ball at its tip. The stamens and green ball are the parts which help to make the hidden seeds; thus an insect on the first night becomes covered with pollen, and on the second night touches the stigma and fertilizes the plant.

The flower usually lives for two days, but those blooms which have been overlooked have a third day of life. They may be picked out by their faded, bedraggled appearance. Their petals curve back and their stamens protrude boldly, for moths, bees, flies, butterflies, and hummingbirds in quest of whatever nectar remains. If the previous evening has been calm and fine, they will find little or none; but if the night has been wild and stormy, keeping moths under cover, the tubes will brim with sweets. After fertilization the flower becomes darker orange, rolls up, and loses its scent, to let visitors know the mutual-benefit association has gone out of business.

In India the night-flowering cactus blossoms in May. Lovely and fragrant, it begins to open its calyx at about 7 P.M., is fully blown by 11, and by 3

or 4 A.M. fades and dies away, never to open again. The flowers are very large, from 8 to 10 inches in diameter. When a dozen open at the same time, as is frequent, the effect is magnificent. They look like so many moons, each vying with the other to see which

will make the greatest show, while they lavishly disperse their fragrance in the soft evening air. It seems weird to think that night alone can produce such loveliness; but then

*Darkness shows us worlds of light
We never see by day.*

Sunday Mass Call

History does repeat itself. Once when President Cleveland was spending a week end with friends at the Delaware home of Senator Bayard, he heard Senator White of Louisiana asking if there was a Catholic church in the neighborhood where he could attend Mass. "I made up my mind at that moment," President Cleveland later remarked, "that there was a man who was going to do what he thought was right. And when a vacancy came, I put him on the supreme court."

Just recently, according to the *Denver Register*, a group of Senators were flying a nonstop to Los Angeles on important committee business. Early Sunday morning, Senator Mead of New York said to the head of the committee, "Harry, this will be the first Sunday in years that I've missed Mass. We don't get in till afternoon." The committee head said nothing, but strolled forward and said to the pilot, "If you see an airport near town anywhere along here, I wish you'd drop down." Soon the plane taxied on to an Albuquerque strip, and, as it came to a stop near the gates, the leader turned to Senator Mead. "Jimmy, you're not going to miss Mass after all."

The Harry who secured the plane-landing so Senator Mead could hear Mass is now a successor to the late President Cleveland. He is President Harry S. Truman.

The Ave Maria (12 May '45).

Washington to Paris to Rome

Notes of an exile

By JEAN C. DE MENASCE

Condensed from the *Commonweal**

I feel smug; I make every effort to look suave and benevolent. Soon my neck will be stiff but I keep looking down; the pilot is strict, one can smoke only in the washroom; I chew gum; all my neighbors' jaws are in motion with a serious and powerful calm; I play with my gum; between my tongue and palate I make a little ball, I flatten it out, I make it thin and long, I pass it between my lips; frivolity brings punishment: I swallow the ball and am invaded by fearful apprehension as to its fate and my own. Assiduously I compose some brilliant and conclusive phrases with which to describe America to my European friends.

In France, of course, the people you meet most often are named Durand, Dupont; in America they are named Jones. Yet when I think of the French I have to put Mistinguette and Maritain side by side, Beccassine and Marie Bashkirtsef side by side, Péguy and Voltaire, Madame Bovary and the placid mothers of the record-breaking families, the avaricious peasant and Father de Foucault, Marshal Petain and Proudhon. But in America I met mostly Wallaces, variations on the former Vice President: college Wallaces, business Wallaces, Wallaces who, if Colored, were pleasant and kind, Irish Wallaces, slightly aggressive, overfed Wallaces in pulpits, and when they

were Jews, Wallaces were a little bit more so. Everyone who has passed from my vision (there is only now the sea and the sunlight merging), everyone whom I have known is kind, serviceable, terribly conscientious, serious and trusting, optimistic and simple. The American is a good man and not ashamed to be good. How shall I explain (I don't know how to explain away) Steinbeck and Hemingway?

A landing in Newfoundland: an officer takes us in a jeep to the administration building (wayside inn for the air routes) in which we are fed, while our bird fills its wings with gasoline. The porterhouse steaks make Harvey's prewar steaks look like nothing at all. A second and lengthy stop at night in the Azores, Times Square of world air travel.

At the risk of distressing the Legion of Decency I must say that I think the airplane rather than Coney Island is likely to bring us back to paganism. "What is man? A little nothing lost in the universe; slapped into place in the cosmos, man acquires a measurable notion of his misery and nothingness." That is paganism. And that mood is a parody, an easy substitute for the concept of man assigned his place by God. Which is Christianity. The easy inclination which brings us to say "I am nothing" is so attractive, this

*386 4th Ave., New York City, 16. Aug. 31, 1943.

happy despair so easy. Nothing is more dangerous than to dwarf the human by a mechanical trick instead of by an inner asceticism, by a flight which is not the flight of love. If a spiritual deepening does not slowly free us—without our disdaining anything—from the material, then it is a thousand times better to remain humbly enmeshed in matter. A "*contemptus mundi*" due only to a sour stomach or to an optical effect is the worst of misadventures. That man is in peril who attains a sense of his grandeur, or of his nothingness, merely because he has climbed 8,000 feet in the air, merely because, with immense rapidity, he has passed above life; that man is in peril who becomes inhuman without becoming Christian; that man is lost who loses his humanity without clothing himself in the divine. There exists an imbecile hardness which pretends to grandeur.

Naturally the Champs Élysées, the quay Conti, the Place des Vosges, the Place Vendôme still are there. Menasce-the-cat feels quite at home, Menasce-the-dog is disconcerted: people have changed. You would not be more surprised if tomorrow morning on your way down 8th Ave. instead of trucks there were only oxcarts, instead of the street's normal, and Levantine, population of secondhand clothes dealers and storekeepers there were fakirs or Dutch peasant women in wooden shoes. Paris is as different from itself as the same street seen by a master lithographer of the 17th century or by an Utrillo. And therefore, naturally, within me the dog and the cat are

engaged in argument, and I am disturbed. Most certainly that is the Pont Neuf in the evening light, the Ile Saint Louis, those the familiar signs, "*Cent Mille Chemises*," "*Chaussures Raoul*." But who are those round squat little women, with their hair pyramided into such shapes? Who are those men whose stare is so vulgar, so stern, and so suspicious? Where is the courtesy or mocking laughter of yesteryear? Why, why, O my God, does suffering make people so unpleasant? Our lady, Sister Suffering, advances, and in her train walk Sister Bitterness, Sister Rancor, Sister Chip-on-her-Shoulder, Sister Aggressiveness, Sister Suspicion, Sister Quarrelsomeness. What a family!

It is one thing to read a war correspondent's account of atrocity, but another to spend the evening with a lady who has been beautiful, and now is like some haggard witch in a fairy story, and who tells how she lay in a ditch, holding her breath, with the dogs of the German police sniffing at her—and, again, it is another entirely to see a man in prison clothes, who was a chaplain from the Maquis, step out of an American plane.

Just as water edges over the side of a boat too heavily laden, my heart is "shipping" the flood of despair. Faith and hope hang by the skin of their teeth at the edge of the abyss. Oh, I know of course, there is free will, and, yes, there is Adam, and also, of course, all the explanations of apologetics, but why this horror? It is true, certainly, that you cannot arrive at any symmetry between sin and the cross, and Chris-

tianity does not hide scandal with any shell game of dialectics. Yet why did that cremation furnace in the reprisal camp bear the name "Shadow and Cloud" (a line from *Parsifal*), how, in that other camp, account for a group of prisoner musicians? Separated from the others, well-fed, washed, clad in black-and-white shirts with leaves twined in their long hair, why were they forced to march with the condemned, playing symphonic music, to the gas chamber? Why did that German officer put a piano in the middle of a little village square in Savoy and play Wagner while the villagers turned round and round in a circle; and each time a searchlight fell on one of them, why had he to be shot down with a revolver, while all the women-folk were forced to watch this music hall of hell? Why does it have to be that this Aryan and Christian lady has *forgotten* that her daughter-in-law left the jewels with her to keep before she went into hiding? Why does it have to be that those Jews sent off to Germany, when they came out of the sealed railway car, of their own free will walked straight to the cremation furnace, and when in front of it all sat down on the sidewalk, very quietly, waiting for their turn to die? Why did young prisoners choose to die strangled rather than yield to the perverts of the SS, while others were willing to push wheelbarrows packed full with heavy earth over the heads of comrades still alive? Why does it have to be that one who was saved came into the street from a reception center

and the only clothes he had on—thanks to the *charity* of his fellows—were striped pajama trousers, a military jacket and a high silk hat, and sauntering Parisians stood laughing at him? And why did I stand there like a fool with only my dumb compassion when I met friends again who had lost their faith, and why did I feel so embarrassed when in the presence of men who used Buchenwald or Dachau for an apologetic of Christianity.

As I walk through the tortuous little streets, all my hygienic and social complexes, developed or strengthened in America, are profoundly shocked. Certainly Harlem and Washington alley houses are little masterpieces of urbanism. But in spite of the disapproval of everything within me which might make an excellent UNRRA official, I receive the shock of beauty, whereas that shock was never given me by the charming residential districts of even the more prosperous American suburbs. How is it that this leprous and dirty old wall, this twisting street, these little shops dark as caves, this little baroque church wound me with the wound of beauty, whereas the pretty Virginia houses, the harmonious and discreet country places, the well-kept lawns only please me and give me a great desire to die a millionaire?

Make this picture for yourself. The populations of Harlem, of Little Italy, of the Bowery, have broken their dikes; they flood the sidewalks outside the Waldorf-Astoria, they flow up Park Ave., settle everywhere and sell everything: fruit, rolls, cigarettes, sec-

ondhand electric-light plugs, bicycle tires, post cards. Picture all the wheelbarrows, benches, folding chairs in the world; imagine mountains of apricots and lettuce, flies, women with babies at their breasts, half-naked children, and then add marble columns, broken capitals, rags hanging out to dry from windows, women with the slow dignity of peasant goddesses, dark and cool palaces, fountains, jeeps. That is Rome, 1945.

In France everyone has already written his book, or is correcting proof, on Buchenwald, Drancy, Compiègne or Dachau, or on the Maquis. You may deplore the lack of a civic sense in France, a political life which oscillates between a certain juridical triviality that reminds you of Molière's lawyers and certain grandiose gestures which make you think of D'Annunzio, but the vitality of French intelligence has remained intact and with it that capacity for measuring, judging, for accurate description, objective strength and expression; and this ability to see clearly and deeply into oneself and into the world presents an astounding spectacle of vitality.

In Rome no one gives a damn about literature. Neither those concerned nor any rewrite man will ever give expression to the acts of that friend who ran a clandestine short-wave station with a German colonel living in his house; no one will describe the life of innumerable nuns in Rome with convents stuffed full of parachutists, Jews, communists, conspirators; nor how priests in worn-out soutanes felt who sudden-

ly saw their rectories filled with dubious, bearded colleagues.

War correspondents and GI's most probably will talk of the streets with the garbage piled up in stinking heaps; they will talk about soap, cigarettes, candy, and stolen gasoline, and about the "shousha" (shoeshiners) who sell their sisters and then gamble the hundreds of lira thus acquired playing at *zechinetto* or *mora*. Even Romans are more likely to talk about how they cheated "that nice little soldier *tanto caro*"; they are much prouder of some dirty little trick than of having held their own against the SS, or of having gone with a false Capuchin monk to capture a submarine, or with a false monsignor to steal some blueprints. Italian understatement is incomprehensible to French or English people; just as Philip Neri concealed his virtues beneath assumed defects, so does the Roman, who has a strange modesty, cloak his heroism with his vulgarity. And he is so pleased and so proud of being *furbo*. It is the times when they were able to make an ass of somebody that they like to talk about—how they took Jimmy, the English flier, to dinner in town, how they took that American parachutist to the opera, and the time that Johnny got tight and sang *Tipperary* in the middle of the Piazza Colonna.

WHILE the doctor and the midwife went to wash their hands I came on tiptoe into the room and saw him for the first time—a strange small object, soft and pinkish. I remember him

piggy-back on my shoulders during quiet summer walks in the Alpes Maritimes; I remember him serving my Mass at the Madonna del Carmine; and his letters when he was a school-boy trying his hand at Catholic Action in his *lycee*. Now here he is, after nearly two years in the Maquis of Liguria: the boy's face has become thin and hard, a blonde beard makes him look like a conspiratorial Christ; his look at times is cynical, sometimes crafty, always sad; a bullet through his face forces him to speak with his lips held nearly closed, like an Oxford man. And that, perhaps, is all that he has left in common with a gentleman. For the kid does not look like a peasant nor like a soldier, but like a woodcutter or a trapper. With 4,000 of his Partisan division, he has been both Boy Scout and bandit, both hunted beast and responsible citizen of a sort of platonian republic. "My wound was attended to in the Maquis by my little sister and our head doctor, a freshman in a druggists' course. Annie came when Françoise and mother were taken as hostages and father was in hiding with a price on his head. We lived on dry chestnuts and water; at first we had no weapons but those captured from Germans or fascist republicans whom we killed. The last months before the Germans capitulated in Genoa, my division controlled several mountain valleys, 20 or more villages and towns." Those children (most of them were between 18 or 25) coined money, collected taxes, forced collaborationists to pay a heavy quota;

exercised the right of life and death over prisoners and over comrades who broke the honor code which bound them. Listening to him, I understand why he looks so sternly and why that look is fundamentally so sad; this child has seen hundreds drag themselves at his feet, sobbing, asking for mercy, and then dying as cowards; he has seen others die bravely; he has come upon dead comrades murdered and tortured, hanging by their feet in the village square. We go in to dinner; deliberately he remains out of the room while I say the blessing. "Is it absolutely necessary that just because you are a *sans-culotte* general you should also be godless?" He answers: "Uncle of mine, I am now a communist."

EVENING falls over the countryside, the last rays of the sun illumine umbrella pines from underneath, crickets scrub themselves with a love as energetic as it is regular. I am smoking one of the last cigars from America. I am perplexed. That is the exact word. Why, for heaven's sake, does this youngster have to lose his faith? Against the bishops and prelates overphotographed at fascist and nazi ceremonies, is the priest who said Mass in Buchenwald. For the bigot who is the spiritual center of her world, who considers her neighbor as no more than a cause of pain or sacrifice, is that little nun who, at Christmas and Easter, used to send me horrible pink and blue and mauve and golden pictures, and who was tortured and questioned for nearly a month in Via Tasso

without ever giving her name or the name of her convent, and who at night would get a cigarette from an SS guard and give it to her companions—and then would take the head of the burlesque strip-tease girl on her knees, and let her sleep there, and would hold the hand of the young woman who had thrown the crucifix out of the window the day her first-born died. Entirely gentle, secret, while others slept, she then would say her Rosary.

And then I try to understand my nephew's state of soul on the night he broke with God. He was dying of hunger and cold; it was Christmas eve; a village woman had given him a plateful of ravioli. He is angry with God, that night most specially; all his religion, all in little colored pictures, is swept away. His mother and sister already perhaps are on their way in that train of death which carries them to the salt mines. The poor kid would like very much to eat it by himself. He goes back to his comrades; he divides his plate among them; the Christmas banquet is half a raviolo apiece.

Another young partisan made me this appalling avowal: "I have known, and now I miss, the terrible joy of being absolute master of life and death; never has Communion given me such an almost tangible feeling of being God as when I killed men, not in combat—then it is almost sport—but when I killed a disarmed prisoner."

What a mess! "Labyrinthine ways" of God and man.

I flounder about with neither statistics nor Gallup poll to guide me. How

many of these young are pure in heart, how many are deep-wounded in soul? Intellectuals drown themselves in generalizations, in deductions of pseudo literature, in approximations; the popular masses turn toward banditry, lynchings, vandalism. There is neither the civic sense nor bravery needed for a real beginning, with its essential courage, optimism, grandeur, kindness, imagination. Class selfishness, political maneuvering, utopias, fear; the old prejudices are coming back. Druggists sell colored water at exorbitant prices, Benedetto Croce vetoes the appointment of a Catholic minister of education, communists gather up all little ex-fascists and put people back in their place in the same structure of compulsion which yesterday abolished; the policemen wander off in the other direction whenever they think they see anything that might look like a row. And, in and out of season, young Christians repeat that Christianity will save the world, but remain utterly incapable of advancing to anything concrete.

The temptation to despair of man is easy. Is it possible that this humanity, which has burst the bonds of organizations, hypocrisies, tradition, and now stripped bare like a newborn child is the one that Christ desired to save? "If our conception of Jesus is trifling, we hope to receive from Him only trifles." Is this phrase of St. Clement's prompted by Christian courage or do I use it to conceal from my conscience those sewers of hatred, fear, and mistrust which are gaping everywhere?

Economic Democracy

By PAUL WEBER

Condensed from the *Wage Earner**

The opinion appears to prevail in some quarters that the British people by electing a "socialist" government chose to follow the same path as the Russians; that we may now expect to find Britain and Russia in the same political and economic camp. One commentator said that the "socialism" of the British Labor party would develop into full-fledged communism.

No one who considers the matter deeply can fail to be disturbed by the emphasis upon state ownership and economic control in the British Labor party's program. There is danger in a program which seems to look to the national state as the sole source of desperately needed social and economic reform. There can be no permanent cure for our social ills until the organic nature of society is restored by the creation of new democratic agencies, such as industry councils, through which the people can govern their economic life. Such agencies must be intermediate between state and individual.

But despite doubts, I predict the ultimate effect of the British "turn to the left" will be quite the opposite of fears expressed in the U. S. The British labor victory may be the beginning of a *counterrevolution* against the advancing wave of totalitarianism, which draws its strength from economic discontent.

The great fact of the day is the social and political ascendancy of the Soviet Union. The second World War crushed one variety of totalitarianism only to exalt another far beyond the world's expectations. Today the Soviet Union is one of the greatest empires in history, with more than half Asia and Europe under its dominion. Its army is estimated at 20 million; and there are no signs of demobilization. Add a decade of Russian industrial development, and consolidation of puppet regimes in Europe, and the future importance of the Soviet Union can be imagined.

The colossal political power is inspired and accompanied by a dynamic totalitarianism tending to spread over the face of the earth. It feeds on mass suffering and misery. As the Roman Empire held out to a war-torn world the promise of peace and political order, so the Soviet empire holds out to bitter, weary peoples promise of social order and economic security.

The price of the Pax Romana was a thousand years of despotism, cruelty, corruption and bureaucratic oppression. The price of economic security on the Soviet pattern is despotism, cruelty, secret police, and submergence of individual rights.

Nevertheless, because it appeals to the deepest needs of human society,

*333 State St., Detroit, 26, Mich. Aug. 17, 1945.

the Soviet totalitarianism is far stronger than the trumpery of Mussolini or the narrow nationalistic creed which inspired the nazis. It masquerades as democracy and freedom. It conceals its true nature under rigid censorship possible only to a police state. It moves with a sureness and shrewd efficiency of which democracy is not capable.

"Capitalistic democracy," a watered-down semidemocracy based not upon the dignity of man but upon the sanctity of property, cannot stand before this dynamic totalitarianism. The democratic spirit is weighed down and corrupted by the artificial alliance between civil liberty and an economic system which produces monopoly, unemployment, insecurity, and human misery. Unless the democratic nations begin to advance toward a total democracy, economic as well as political, the Soviet spirit will penetrate deeply into the western world. At best, America would then be isolated.

Our economic system will not run itself, and competition alone is not an adequate automatic governor. Production and distribution must be planned and organized for the common good.

This planning and organizing is not a proper function of government. Centralizing economic controls in the hands of government tends to destroy freedom. New agencies to govern industry must be found. These new agencies can be found by re-creating the basic natural partnership of capital and labor (workers and owners). The labor partner to the economic process has been ejected from the partnership

and denied a voice in the major economic decisions. The true aim of organized labor should be to recover its position as equal partner with capital.

The first step in this direction is to establish in each major industry a joint industry council composed of representatives of organized workers and organized owners in that industry, together with a government or other public representative. This industry council should undertake the planning and organizing of its industry for the common welfare. The precise character and functions of each industry council must be determined by the members of that industry.

All the industries thus organized should choose a National Economic Council, likewise representing capital, labor and government, which should organize the entire national economy.

The British "turn to the left" is an attempt toward a full democracy. It is a dangerous start: "socialism" carried too far will destroy British liberty. But the attempt to go forward is far less dangerous than to stand still.

If Britain, under the guidance of a labor government, makes progress toward economic democracy, the effect will be profound in every quarter of the globe. Hope for economic security without sacrifice of liberty will be revived among all oppressed peoples. Western democracy will begin to recover its dynamic character. And as the lines are more clearly drawn between Soviet totalitarianism and democracy, the British "socialists" will turn out to be democrats.

A Japanese Soldier's God

By FATHER TSCHAUDER, S.V.D.

Condensed from an address*

In the silence of the night

Father Tschauder, S.V.D., was held prisoner by the Japanese many months in New Guinea. Before capture, he conducted a mission near Madang. He was aboard the Japanese ship bombed and strafed by American aircraft in February, 1944, when 60 missionaries, including Bishop Wulf, were killed. He was rescued by American soldiers.

War does make odd bedfellows. Never did I dream that sometime and somewhere, I and a fellow missionary were to squat face to face with two Japanese soldiers and discuss profound religious problems.

We 12 missionaries lived with six Japanese guards. Housing was a dire problem in Goya camp, in Hollandia. There were no houses except a few ramshackle native huts; we had to build ours, and it was not much of a house: just a thatched roof on poles. However, it boasted a real luxury in having a floor of *limbum* slabs about three feet above ground; the only spot in Goya where one could sit down without getting dirty.

Here we slept, prisoners and guards, or, if you prefer the Japanese expression, the protected and their protectors! The soldiers, under a single large mosquito net, occupied the front section; we, each one under his own net, shared the remainder.

After a day's hard work and a miserable evening meal of boiled rice or bar-

ley, we soon retired. Conversation favored the good old times. The old Brother next to me invariably concluded his dreams with, "There is only one thing I wish before I die: a hearty meal with a piece of juicy meat as big as my fist!"

Common toils and joys had welded us together, so we became close friends, and eventually bed-neighbors.

On seeing us on such terms, the Japanese gave us special honorable names. My friend was to live for a happy thousand years; they called him Crab, and crab stands for a thousand years. But I was to enjoy 10,000 years in the light and warmth of the immortal Tennoheka, the heavenly one, son of the beautiful sun goddess, Amaterasu. My name, Honorable Crane, meant 10,000 years.

However, except for occasional cigarettes and leftovers from their substantial meals, our future did not look too bright.

The chief guard was a pocket-edition Japanese, young, smart, spritely, always smiling. When he called the roll he found himself hopelessly entangled in the foreign names, unpronounceable by any Japanese tongue. Kiichi Nomura (not his real name) was the only guard who worked; a refreshing sight, but he would give no

*Before the Catholic Luncheon Club of Sydney, Australia, May 24, 1945, as reported in the Catholic Weekly, 104-106 Campbell St., Sydney, Australia, May 31, 1945.

respite to wretched missionaries put at his disposal to build a guard's house. I regarded myself fortunate at not being assigned to his gang.

While we were under the same roof with Kiichi Nomura, he would sometimes call my friend and me into his big mosquito net in the evening for a chat. Kiichi Nomura would squat cross-legged on the floor, in front of his little footstool desk. The chief guard did not smoke, but would put a tin of cigarettes on the desk for us. A candle would cast an unsteady, flickering light. The soldiers at our left would play cards until they fell asleep, exhausted from doing nothing. We would talk till the candle burned down and the rest of the house was asleep.

One evening Kiichi Nomura called for us. He could not converse in English, so our interpreter, Nishira, helped him. Great problems seemed to occupy Kiichi. They must have troubled him ever since he became chief guard, and had thus been brought into close contact with queer foreigners called missionaries.

Smiling most amiably, he talked to his interpreter in a rapid flow of Japanese, in which the peculiar interrogation inflections occurred so frequently that they seemed like brain explosions. The interpreter, clearing his throat, and noisily sucking in the air, a sign of high appreciation, began:

"The chief guard is very anxious to put a few questions before you; however, he does not know whether it is polite. He wants, therefore, your kind permission."

I said, "Tell him to ask as many questions as he likes. We shall give the answers as far as it is possible."

Again they talked, the interpreter translating my words, Kiichi Nomura smiling like a cherry-blossom feast. Then, the first shot:

"The chief guard wants to know what you think of evolution?" For a Japanese even to think of evolution must be something like playing with fire, since, as descendants of the sun goddess, they can't come from apes, or, as some theories maintain, from some obscure, shapeless protozoon.

"We do not accept evolution or even Darwinism," I said emphatically. Our life at the time seemed one of retrogradation rather than evolution. Sometimes I wondered if we had not sunk below the ape level, being the mud rats of Goya, I told him.

"But could it not be possible," put in the interpreter, "that man developed from a species of highly developed apes?"

"No," said I; "impossible; once we admit man is not merely an animal, but has a spiritual soul endowed with free will and understanding, linking him with a spiritual world. Gorillas, for instance, will always be gorillas, though their nature, to a certain degree, might adapt itself to eventual climatic and geophysical changes, but their principle of life, which we call the animal soul, will never develop into a human soul."

Kiichi Nomura nodded understandingly, saying several times, "*Ah sode-suka?* Is that so?"

I proceeded in a professorial manner: "Although we could admit that a human body might evolve from some species of highly developed animal by external interference, we never could admit that the human soul likewise should develop from the animal soul. Our soul is spiritual, and cannot come from matter."

Nishira translated; Kiichi Nomura listened with amazement.

His next question was a big surprise: "The chief guard wants to know what you understand by 'the Virgin Birth.'"

"The Virgin Birth," I said, "means for us that Christ was conceived by and born of a virgin; that is, His mother did not have her maidenly character violated either at the moment of conception or at the birth of Christ."

"How is that possible?"

"It's a miracle," I said. "We admit something beyond the usual course of nature."

"Christ had no human father?"

"Exactly!"

"Is this not against nature?"

"No, a miracle is not against nature; it is wrought by a power beyond nature, supernatural; in our case, God."

"But tell me, how is a miracle possible?"

I replied: "God, as we conceive of Him, is Creator of, not a part of, the universe. As Creator, He is its supreme Master, and consequently can interfere with the usual course of nature; He could even bestow such power upon human beings."

Here I was again, sweating at subtle

theological questions, just as in happy years in the seminary. But now they were by no means easy to explain, nor could the Japanese follow me. But he was very pleased and thanked us profusely.

"The chief guard," said Nishira, "has another question he'd like to ask you, but he does not know whether it would be polite; you see, it's a rather delicate matter."

"Speak out," I said boldly; "our religion has nothing to conceal or to be ashamed of."

"The chief guard has observed the Sisters, and he cannot understand why they do not marry."

I began: "They, the Sisters, and we, too, are Religious; we have taken the vow of chastity, which excludes marriage. By doing so, we wish to free ourselves for the service of God."

Kiichi Nomura nodded and smiled, "*Wakeru, wakeru!* Yes, I understand; I understand!"

Nishira did not understand. The very possibility of such a life was a stumbling block. He asked:

"Tell us, do you think it possible for the Sisters to live like that? Do you think they abide by their vow and never have any experience?"

Now it was out; slowly and cautiously he had wormed his way into the very core of a problem beyond any pagan mind.

"Look here," I said, "all this might sound hard and cruel, but a girl who has an aspiration for a Religious life, or a boy who has made up his mind to be a priest, usually starts early in

youth, and the subsequent training leaves no time to think of the other side of life."

After a while the interpreter remarked, "Life means nothing to us when there are no girls and women in it. We cannot understand your life; it's so strange!"

A lucky thought flashed across my mind. "You say you do not understand, yet many girls in Japan join our missionary Sisters, and many Japanese boys study for the priesthood!"

"Admitting that," rejoined the interpreter, "I do not see how they can escape an urge to yield to what is natural."

"I did not say they are free from this urge, as you call it, but they are free to yield or resist. And since they are free, they can bind themselves by a solemn pledge forever to resist."

"But do they resist?"

"Nearly all resist and conquer, although there are failures."

They did not know what to answer. Honorable Crab came to the rescue. "It's a hard life, I must admit," said he, "but it has pleasant points, which bring a good deal of happiness. We have ample opportunities for special studies: music, for instance, is my favorite; then there is mission work."

"You say," Honorable Crane joined in, "that a life in which there are no girls or women is nothing; yet, you don't have time for pleasant adventures now, because this is a time of fighting. The company of girls and women would lower your fighting spirit. At least that's what you tell us."

"Yes, this is a time of fighting," said Nishira, "and we must fight to win the war!"

"And this fighting is of such importance that it has neither room nor time for entertainment from geishas."

When you mention the word "fighting" to any Japanese soldier he becomes solemn, excited, electrified. It is a sacred word to any *nihon-no-heitai* (Japanese soldier).

"*Wakeru, wakeru*," said the little chief: "I understand; I understand!"

Kiichi Nomura at last seemed to have landed on his favorite discussion ground. Doubtless, he was proud of his fighting spirit.

"Tell me," asked Nishira, "why are you so frightened in air raids? That's not how soldiers should behave. A Nippon soldier is not afraid of death. He calmly stays where he happens to be. He does not run like you, screaming with fear. Are you afraid of death?"

"To be afraid of death is natural," I said; "but we accept it, if we have to. However, we regard it as foolish to expose ourselves unnecessarily. We are not soldiers. We have a duty to safeguard our lives."

"You were frightened on the boat! Why? The chief guard wants to know."

What a question! At the mercy of the blazing machine guns, cannons, and bombs of 12 Mitchells, we should not be frightened!

"We have a peaceful task," said I; "but, you know that we know how to die. You have seen our wounded in

agonies of pain, and how quietly they suffered; you have seen them dying. We know well how to die, if it be God's will."

The mention of God led to another colloquy. Then the interpreter began: "You mentioned your God. The chief guard is a Buddhist. He, too, has his personal god; his own guardian spirit. He wants to show him to you."

Imagine our anticipation! We were to behold a Japanese soldier's personal god! Often I had pondered the bundles dangling from each Japanese soldier's belt. Since the tragedy on the boat I knew that one contained a sterilized bandage; and now we were privileged to learn the mysteries of another.

Carefully, the chief guard undid the waterproof cover, and, removing yet another consisting of a small silken flag, at last unfolded an ordinary slip of paper on which was a crude drawing to represent a Buddhist monk or priest.

"This," said Nishira, pointing, "is his god; his protecting spirit."

There must have been mingled astonishment and disappointment in my eyes.

"The drawing," Nishira explained, "represents the founder of an old, famous temple near the chief guard's native place. The spirit of this priest protects the temple and all its district. Before the chief guard said farewell to his country, he paid a visit to his temple, where they gave him this picture of his god."

I said nothing. It was my first

glimpse into a Japanese soldier's religious world.

"We have been taught to respect the religious opinions of other people. We wish to thank the chief guard for having opened his heart to us, which is a great favor and honor."

Kiichi Nomura smiled. Other surprises from his bundle included a tiny, neatly woven slipper as big as the nail of my thumb, and many small slips of paper. He explained the slipper and the paper to the interpreter.

"The chief guard is a foot soldier. He will have to cover long distances in weary marches; the roads will be difficult; there will be mountains and rivers. At his temple he was given this little slipper, which is a charm; with it he will never fail on long marches, nor sink by the wayside, exhausted!"

"The little slips of paper have Japanese characters written on them; these are magic formulas. As a foot soldier, the chief guard will often thirst, but may not have sufficient time to boil and purify his drinking water. If he drops one of these slips of paper into the water no harm will come to him. However dirty the water may be, a magic formula will purify it."

The words of St. Paul came to my mind: "When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child." Here were two pagans. Nishira, perhaps, represented modern paganism in Japan. Although he lectured us on Shintoism, I could not believe in his sincerity. Kiichi Nomura was a Buddhist. Superstitious, yet sincere. Otherwise, he would not

have carried the picture of the old Buddhist priest all the way from Japan to New Guinea.

What made the chief guard demand an answer to problems which we never thought could have possibly entered his mind? Curiosity, perhaps? No, he was too serious. He wanted to know!

Kiichi Nomura, back in his own country, perhaps never might have

come in contact with Catholics. And how many Kiichi Nomuras are there all over Asia, where Catholic missionaries languished in Japanese concentration camps.

Perhaps, here we see the other side of divine providence. Delivered up to pagans; in the hands of pagans we certainly were, yet never so much in the hands of divine providence!

Priest in Disguise

Priests were so rigidly restricted in the exercise of their ministry in German concentration camps that they had to resort to subterfuges to reach the dying who asked for the consolations of religion. Canon Daguzan, Vicar General of Bayonne, who recently returned from captivity, said there were 1,300 priests in his camp, and the celebration of only one Mass a day was permitted for all. During his entire detention, he was able to offer the holy Sacrifice only once.

"If anyone wished Communion, he would receive a consecrated Host which one of us had hidden in a pillbox. It was in such hidden fashion that we received the hidden Christ," he said.

"If we were discovered trying to exercise our apostolic mission, we would immediately be separated from the other prisoners. If any of our dying companions asked for us at the hospital, in the event that we succeeded in bribing the guards with cigarettes, we could enter the hospital barracks disguised as corporals.

"By polishing or sweeping floors, we were able to approach the one who anxiously awaited us. Crouched, and continuing to polish, we would speak to him whenever the patient in the next bed was sleeping. The patient would try to confess. The muffled words of absolution, a small gesture, would be a matter of a few seconds. Then the hand of the dying would drop over the side of the bed. We would place in it a consecrated Host, taken from the pillbox.

"The days seemed desperately long. Our fingers often counted the beads of the rosary hidden in our pockets. A Basque once confided in me, 'I have recited miles of the rosary.'"

M. Massiani in a Paris (NCWC) dispatch (27 Aug. '45).

People of Panama

By EDWARD FILLY

Condensed from the *Immaculate Heart Client**

"Nothing much ever happens in Nargana," says Father Edward Kolb, C.M.F., home after three and a half years in the San Blas mission field off the Panamanian east coast. With this terse beginning, America's first Claretian in the mission field proceeds to intrigue you with his tales of the Cuna Indians, to whom he will soon return.

Until recently, no foreigner dared invade the Cunas' privacy. Missionary activity was nil until the famed Father Gasso, S.J., broke the "closed-door" policy in 1907. Conversions were slow, and antagonism of the native so great, the future so dark, that the mission lived only seven years. However, in this reputedly pagan land the Jesuit was amazed to find a rich Biblical tradition. It is known that the Cunas were friendly toward Balboa, intrepid Spanish explorer, and that some were with him when he discovered the Pacific ocean. No doubt, missionaries with Balboa had catechized the Indians, and lessons were handed down through generations.

With Balboa's execution at the hands of the treacherous Governor Davila, the Indians discontinued all relations with the whites; even the padres were forbidden entrance.

As late as the mid-20's the Panamanian government, which rightly possesses the 400 islands extending

over 100 miles from the Canal to Colombia, decided the Cunas had run the show long enough. They posted policemen on the islands as a first step toward complete control. The Indians revolted, and slaughtered all but two of the policemen. So carefully was the revolt planned and timed throughout the islands, that rumors of outside backing persisted. On all the policed islands carnivals were celebrated, with the policemen as guests of honor. During the evening, after confidence-gaining speeches on loyalty to the Panamanian government, the Cunas requested a toast from the policemen. No sooner were these guests on their feet than razor-sharp machetes flashed, splitting skulls. The Cuna women who had gone against the law of the islands by marrying outsiders met the same fate. If they were mothers, their children were first slain before their eyes.

The revolution was a fresh memory when the Spanish Claretians effected a landing at Darien that same year. The following year they entered the Canal Zone. By now the San Blas situation was scorching. The Indians had drawn up a declaration of independence in English, an indication that an American was behind the movement. As a last resort, the Panamanians fell back upon the Catholic Church, hoping love would succeed where force

*Claretian Major Seminary, 18127 S. Alameda, Compton, Calif. July, 1945.

had failed. The Claretian missionaries accepted the assignment.

The Cunas now fly the Panamanian flag, and tolerate the government, but that is all. They have their own system of chiefs and councils. Even in the matter of opening schools the Panamanians must consult them. The Cunas demanded and received the right to have the padres act as supervisors.

In 20 years the missionaries have become an intimate part of island life. Although the padres do not have trouble counting their converts, and antagonism is still encountered in the more remote islands, the future is promising. Once a native-born clergy is established, an increase in converts should follow. But until that day the task still lies heavily on the shoulders of the Spanish and American Claretians.

American interest in this field did not really flare until Father Kolb's appointment in December, 1941. Father's existence has been hand-to-mouth. When he says, "Nothing much ever happens in Nargana," you know you're being kidded. It was to him that the Army Medical Corps entrusted the difficult job of vaccinating the natives. The San Blas Indians dread anything foreign to their established customs, including injection needles. On every island he visited, Father Ed had to overcome the same fear with the same routine: a pep talk explaining the procedure and its necessity, then the request for volunteers. What! No volunteers?

After his first experience, Father

knew why. Nothing would do but that he demonstrate the harmlessness of the injection on himself: he would "shoot" himself as many as 15 times in one village in the course of a day. It was a dry needle, but by the time he had covered his territory his arm resembled a pincushion.

With the defense of the Canal Zone and the shortage of chaplains, Father moved into the post of civilian chaplain to Uncle Sam's Army, where his duties include a 28-mile boat ride every Sunday and holyday. Unless he is fortunate enough to meet a coconut trader bound in his direction, his weekly ride means 28 miles of tough pulling in a native *cayuca*, a 30-foot dugout. *Cayucas* often boast a sail, but that is not always a help.

Most memorable of those excursions is his first. Against advice to the contrary, Father and his altar boy Miguel (Christians take Spanish names at Baptism) put out from Nargana at 8 A.M. Sunday morning, allowing themselves six scant hours to cover the distance to the GI encampment.

"You'll never make it in six hours nor in ten, Padre," old-timers said. "The wind is in your favor now, but we've been around too many years to be fooled."

"But it's only 28 miles," Father argued, "I could *row* that distance in less time, and with a sail there should be no trouble."

He held to his own opinion, and for the first few miles progress was so favorable that he almost gloated over his stubbornness.

"Yes," he thought, "sometimes an amateur can call them better than a pro."

Suddenly the wind was taken out of his sails—literally; all forward motion ceased and the wind came in from the north.

"We'll just charge it up to experience, Miguel. Pull in the sail and let's put our backs to the paddles."

For hours the young priest and the 17-year-old Cuna bent wearying elbows to the task of edging the clumsy *cayuca* over an emerald sea. For once the beauty of the scene was lost on the perspiring padre. Two o'clock, the scheduled time for Mass, came and was gone, and still the wind "did 'em wrong." At 4 P.M., when all hope had vanished of reaching camp for Mass that day, the tired priest called a halt at one of the tiny uninhabited islands that dot the coast. Nothing more than a sand bar supporting a few sturdy coconut palms, the island offered rest and tropical nourishment. Miguel, machete in hand, shimmied up a tree to cut down their lunch.

Father often wondered what he'd do without that boy. Now, as they sipped the milk, they realized for the first time how completely exhausted they were. Eight hours of continued paddling were beginning to tell. Aching muscles cried out for rest. But too many miles separated them from their destination. They resumed their "outing" with the hope of reaching camp before dark. Paddling Indian fashion, *i.e.*, bringing the handles of the paddles against the side of the boat near

the end of each stroke, then pressing downward to gain speed, the two worked all night, and into the next forenoon. At 2 P.M. Monday, 30 hours after leaving Nargana, 24 hours late, they wearily put into the Army encampment.

One such trip was enough. Now Father plans on an all-day trip, and faithfully follows the villagers' advice.

Father Kolb loves his work and the people among whom he works. A race which refuses to accept our civilization, uses our money only for ornaments, whose women wear rings in their noses and ears, and bind strings of beads tightly around their calves and ankles till they bite into the flesh, seems strange to us. But look at his side of the fence. Imagine a Cuna trying to puzzle out certain of the white man's doings. Why, for instance, do Americans drink the milk of such a monster as the cow? Why not coconut milk? How explain the picture of a young man kissing a young lady? *Porque, hombre?* Kissing is unknown in San Blas. GIs, especially, ask why Cuna women paint dark lines down the center of their noses. The Cunas simply ask in return, "But, *señor*, why do *Americano* ladies paint dark lines on their eyebrows?"

Besides the coconut trade, the life-line of the islands, the Indians do a bit of farming on the mainland. The islander uses but one tool, his machete, knife of all trades in Central and South America. Every morning the farmer paddles to the mainland and makes his way up some river to his "south

forty." It's a touch-and-go proposition all the way. What the wild hogs miss, a tropical storm may destroy, and it is a fortunate Cuna who can show sugar cane or yams at the season's end. The farmer calls it a day at two in the afternoon and heads for home, *cayuca* loaded with firewood and drinking water gathered by the young boys during the

morning. Though he may choose to ignore foreigners, he cannot avoid them since everything a Cuna Indian has, except his coconuts, is obtained on the mainland.

This island empire of open hostility to strangers, of stern aversion to civilization, is the land and the people Father Kolb has taken to his heart.

Business As Usual

Hollywood's wave of religious pictures, started in wartime when suffering humanity sought solace by the reaffirmation of faith in God, has broken upon the sands of peace.

Hollywood's focus upon faith was fixed by profit, not by any desire to propagate the Gospel. Now, groping through diverse international currents, the movie moguls grasp at an assortment of escapist ideas. They hope that within six months or a year they may more safely tackle postwar conditions and trends.

Only one new movie, Leo McCarey's *The Bells of St. Mary's*, which RKO plans to release between Thanksgiving and Christmas, deals with the Religious life.

MGM has abandoned *The Church of the Good Thief*, proposed biography of Father Ambrose Hyland, Catholic chaplain at Dannemora prison. Plans have been retarded to film Archbishop Spellman's *Risen*

Soldier. Cecil B. de Mille has pushed aside his half-written *Queen of Queens*.

Warner Brothers have now forgotten about filming *The Miracle*. RKO's young producer, Frank Ross, is postponing plans to make a \$4-million super out of Lloyd C. Douglas' best-selling novel, *The Robe*. David O. Selznick postpones filming Father Edward Murphy's *The Scarlet Lily*, until he and J. Arthur Rank, English producer, begin active film production together in Britain next year. Ingrid Bergman, cast to play Mary Magdalene, is otherwise occupied for at least another year.

Let us face it. Hollywood producers expect millions to forget religion once civilization is "safe again." They suspect people will become increasingly interested in movies reflecting postwar political experiments and painting pretty pictures of a human panacea for our war-sick world.

William H. Mooring (NCWC) 2 Sept. '45.

Services, Unlimited

Vitamins, not vaticum

By JOHN SAUVAGEAU, O.M.I.

Condensed from *Mary Immaculate**

You will find the names of my little ranches mighty queer! They call one *La Grulla*, the Crane; another bears the name of *El Uualote*, the Turkey; or *El Rancho de la Pompa*, the Pump; or again, *El Relámpago*, Flash of Lightning; and as a crowning picturesque title, *Las Burras*, the Donkeys, or Jackasses, if you prefer. It was precisely in this last that I opened heaven, with vitamins!

I was alone in the Mercedes rectory, waiting patiently, about 11:30 one stifling night, for a breeze from the Gulf of Mexico to cool me off before going to bed, when suddenly the bell rang. An accident call? I ran to the door, only to discover there was no accident, but a *ranchero* standing there. I could distinguish nothing very well in the dark save two flowing mustaches beneath a sombrero.

"*Buenas noches!*" I said. "What brings you here at this hour?"

"My brother is very sick, very sick! He wants to see you!"

"Very sick" may mean anything from a child with the measles to an old woman at the point of death. The only way of knowing is to go.

"Where does your brother live?"

"*Al Rancho de las Burras, padre-cito.*"

Then, I was on my way to the Donkeys ranch, 24 miles distant, hoping

my old man would be alive when I reached there.

Through a maze of winding dirt roads we drove in my "kicking" Ford, far from comfortable; but how much worse was it for our divine Master as He walked over the dusty roads of Palestine!

But there we were at the ranch! Nothing striking, I assure you.

"Where does your brother live?"

"In the house over there, where the lamp is burning."

I hurried over, knocked on the door, and heard a faint voice ask, "Who's there?"

"The padre."

I entered the little house of baked brick covered with whitewash. The bed was empty. The only person present was an old man, swinging back and forth in a rocking chair, smoking a black cigar.

"Where is the sick man?"

"I sent for you."

"How is it you're not in bed?"

"I am sick, very sick!" he replied. "But when I found myself alone, I made up my mind to get up and smoke a good cigar. The doctor forbids me smoking, but what does he know!"

"Do you want to go to confession?"

"Confession? No, *padrecito!*"

That was decisive enough. The old fellow had called me from a distance.

*P. O. Box 96, San Antonio 6, Texas. September, 1945.

of 24 miles without any intention of receiving the sacraments. What did he want?

"Look here, *padrecito*, I'll tell you the truth. I didn't send for you to hear my confession. My niece bought me a bottle, and as all the writing on it is in English, I thought you could translate it into Spanish for me."

So saying, he handed me a little brown bottle. Stunned, I remarked, "Well, that beats four aces!" But why not help the old man?

"That's a very good medicine you have there, *señor*; it is very powerful," and I proceeded to prepare it. It was just a bottle of vitamins. I poured a little water in a cup and added a few drops of the liquid vitamins, chatting meanwhile. I learned my host had never been married by a priest; a civil judge had performed the ceremony. Also, he had not approached the sacraments since his First Communion, 43 years before.

Finally the medicine was ready; the old man gulped it down, then raised his brown eyes gratefully above the rim of the cup.

"*Usted muy bueno, padrecito!*" ("You are very kind, Father!") he said, as he kissed my hand and kept on kissing up to the elbow. "From now on, I am at your service. You always have a friend and servant in Alejandro de la Peña!"

"There is something you can do for me, *señor*, which will make me very happy," I responded quickly.

"What?" he asked.

"Make your confession."

Alejandro answered with a smile, "You've got me, *padrecito!*"

With all sincerity, he made his confession, after which I called his wife, who was visiting relatives near by. Outside the house, under the stars, I heard her confession. Then, in the presence of two witnesses, I married Alejandro and his wife, by the bonds of Christian marriage.

My heart beat with joy as I cast a grateful glance at my Oblate crucifix and, believe me, at the little bottle of vitamins.

A month later Don Alejandro left the little ranch of *Las Burras* for an eternal ranch beyond the stars.



Infallibility

Perhaps I had better inform my Protestant readers that the famous dogma of papal infallibility is by far the most modest pretension of the kind in existence. Compared to our infallible democracies, our infallible medical councils, our infallible astronomers, our infallible parliaments, the Pope is on his knees in the dust confessing his ignorance before God.

From the preface to *St. Joan* by George Bernard Shaw.

Christ or Extermination

By ROBERT J. DWYER

Condensed from the *Register**

Atomic ache

It was as if we had come to the edge of the abyss and peered for one awful moment into its hideous emptiness. Then we drew back, felt the earth solid beneath our feet and looked again at the steadfast stars. There was a strange silence; the torment of the guns was over, the droning of the bombers had ceased. Peace had come, we said, or at least a truce.

In a little while we were back at our usual business, trying desperately to forget the long agony of war, and above all that final vision of the City of Dreadful Night. But some things cannot be forgotten. The memory of that one moment when we realized that man can actually destroy himself, and obliterate his trace from the earth, was seared too deeply into our consciousness ever to be annealed by time. We have raised a ghost to haunt us till the day of doom.

Something of this was felt the first days of August. If we could penetrate the future and look back upon the present, there would be more than passing interest in our present reaction to the contemporary crisis in morals. For this, precisely, is the nature of our immediate problem: the relevance of the whole system of Christian ethic in a world which now possesses a power which comes perilously close to a full denial not only of individuality but of

humanity itself. If whole cities and entire nations can be wiped out by a single atomic bomb (for there seems no reason that the instrument cannot be perfected far beyond its present limitations) the obvious conclusion is that the individual no longer counts even theoretically and that humanity is merely a matter of animal enumeration.

Standards of right and wrong, justice and injustice, mercy and cruelty suddenly become utterly inept. The original basis of warfare, which was individual combat wherein an attempt might at least be made to determine the moral significance of the test, has been completely superseded. We have advanced full round; there is nothing left but to make our ultimate decision.

We realize the danger of jumping prematurely at conclusions. Yet, if we have to wait for even more definite demonstration of our new weapon, the real danger is that there will be quite literally no one left to bother about conclusions of any kind, moral or immoral. Now that we see clearly enough that future wars can mean only extermination, we have to decide at once whether to go ahead along the indicated path or to call a halt before it is too late to salvage as much as a remnant.

The point is this: it is folly to sup-

*934 Bannock St., Denver, 1, Colo. Aug. 19, 1945.

pose that mastery over atomic structure can be restricted to the few now alleged to be its sole possessors. What the American and British governments claim today as a unique weapon will inevitably become a commonplace technique. With advance of scientific knowledge, its potential may well be raised to an n th power of terrific magnitude. The prospect offers ample room for speculation on the well-worn theme of being hoist with one's own petard. What Pope Pius XII foresaw two years ago is a reality today; what we now dimly foresee may become tomorrow's nightmare.

The thing has been done; we might as well make up our minds to the prospect of its being done again, if not in a laboratory, then in a cave; if not by eminent physicists and chemists, then by irresponsible fools with excellent memories for such things. There is, frankly, much to terrify and little to cheer in the outlook. The novels of Jules Verne and the Superman comics afford pleasure by introducing us into an impossible world of pure imagination; now that we have set foot in that world in grim reality, the humor of the situation escapes us.

The moral argument against modern warfare has become practically irresistible. The textbooks of moral theology must be revised to answer the overpowering challenge of our new weapons. Whatever theoretical justification there may have been in the past for men and nations to take arms against each other, the fact that war cannot again be waged without im-

periling the whole of humanity so changes its nature as to render the theory useless. There can be no longer a question of restricted combat; the means are no longer proportionate to the end.

The Kellogg pact to outlaw war is vaguely remembered as a discredited gesture made without sincerity by men who had little or no concern for the morals of a sick world. We have traveled a long road since 1928, and our experience has been progressively bitter. Nevertheless, we have been loath to learn, timid to understand. Even those who cherish some regard for conscience have been satisfied with platitudes and outworn references to a dead past. That temper figured as recently as the San Francisco conference, where the will to renounce all war as an instrument of international policy was pitifully subservient to the will to establish armed supremacy and the military security of the Big Three. In view of what has followed within so short a time, this is incredible. Either the conferees were uninformed, and therefore talking at random, or they knew what was ahead, and chose to blind their eyes. The least that can be said is that the conference was born out of due time.

This much is certain: unless the renunciation of war is renewed in absolute earnest, we might as well begin now to prepare for the final act of our civilization. It has withstood a terrific beating, but the atom bomb is simply too much. There can be no peace until we learn to deflect its enormous power

into channels of human welfare. It will always be a threat, but short of a universal compact to respect what is basic to the moral law, it will rise to the proportions of a constant menace.

The world has grown very small, both to make over and to destroy. It is almost reduced to the confines of one house which may be built as high as the shining heavens and brought down in abject ruin by a single time-bomb. If it is to be the latter, there may be miserable creatures who once were men left grubbing in its shards, but we have no stomach for such a consummation. The trouble is that even now, with the evidence staring us in the face, there are those who refuse to be impressed.

We have read stupid editorials written by men who apparently see nothing more in the atom bomb than a convenient method of ending a war and who anticipate only the most satisfying results from our monopoly. We have heard men wearing the cloak of sanity say that with this new weapon we could rule the world, and should avail ourselves of the golden opportunity. There may be little significance in all this, but, if there is any, it points to the hopeless failure of our generation to grasp the clearest warning ever vouchsafed to fools who toy with death and destruction. There is none so blind as he who will not see; there is none so immoral as the Christian who makes a mockery of his faith.



Flights of Fancy

She majors in minor ailments.—*R. MacKe.*

Every time he opened his mouth, she stepped in.

She is certainly not backward in coming forward.

Rainbow: a sunbeam dissolved in tears.—*T. Toth.*

He was always kind and useful: a sort of thick rug on a chilly day.—*Rachel Field.*

She whines him around her little finger.—*Bob Hope.*

She flung herself at men, but never hit them.—*Graham Greene.*

Superiority: the feeling you get when you arise in the morning while others are still in bed.—*M. Simms.*

Maybe the reason there are so few women after-dinner speakers is because few can wait that long.—*Sun Dial.*

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$1 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

Deweyism and Democracy

By JOAQUIN GARCIA, C.M.

Condensed from the *Tables**

Dr. John Dewey, of Columbia university, is an educator, politician, philosopher, a leader in almost every radical movement, who for about 40 years has inundated the American public with books and articles. Dewey certainly has exercised a tremendous influence, having filled the minds of many Americans, schoolteachers especially, with a devastating philosophy.

In its first principles, this philosophy of Dewey maintains there is "no truth." Nothing is of itself true; nothing is of itself false. Nothing is right, nothing wrong. In his book, *Quest for Certainty*, Dewey states that not even an axiom is true; not even those truths we style "self-evident," like the proposition that the "whole is greater than a part," that a whole apple is greater than the quarter of an apple, are admitted. Nothing is true; nothing certain.

If there is chaos in the first principles of a philosophy, there must be at least as much chaos and confusion in the conclusions drawn from their application. Those who deny the existence of truth can never aver that communism or nazism or any other ism is a false system, since nothing is false. So, in accordance with his principles, on the occasion of his 70th birthday, Dewey stated, "There is nothing so important in life as the free, unobstructed

Drop down Dewey, ye heavens

communication of ideas and experiences and their transmission from one to another, without any kind of restriction, censorship, or intimidation, legal, political, or extra-legal." In this doctrine anything goes. Anyone with an idea, moral or immoral, religious or blasphemous, just or unjust, democratic or antidemocratic, peaceful or revolutionary, is to be allowed to impart it.

Dewey propounds a system of pragmatism, held by many and called by some erroneously the "American" philosophy. Distorting the meaning given the word *truth* for about 2,000 years, he maintains that that is true which works. There is no question of conformity of our ideas or thoughts with things or with reality. Anything which works (consequently murder, theft, blasphemy, if they work), is "true." The truth of the means is to be judged by the end it attains or the purpose it realizes.

Dewey also maintains that "social progress," the welfare of society, is that for which an act is to work.

The un-Americanism of such teaching is evident. If the individual exists only for society, then he has no individual rights, no "inalienable" rights, "to secure" which, the Declaration of Independence tells us, "governments are instituted." The American govern-

*1 Hanson Pl., Brooklyn, 17, N. Y. Aug. 25, 1945.

ment was founded to protect or to secure nonexistent rights, according to Dewey.

When this intellectual chaos on first principles is transferred to political science, we have democracy neither right nor wrong, true nor false. We have nothing wrong with totalitarianism of any kind, with Marxian communism or any form of fascism which would teach state absolutism. Since democracy is not right, is not a true system, and antidemocratic systems are not wrong or false systems, a plea is made to let them all be propagated.

Under the Dewey system democracy can scarcely survive. We read this statement of J. W. Studebaker, the U. S. Commissioner of Education, in the magazine, *School and Society* (March 7, 1936): "I am not suggesting that we indoctrinate for democracy. We do not indoctrinate for democracy." This from a U. S. commissioner of education. We must not "advocate" democracy. We must not teach students that democracy is better than Marxian communism or nazism for America. We must teach all the isms and hope for the best, because, after all, none is true, none is false. That is the cardinal doctrine of our radical modern educators: "no indoctrination" in social and political matters. In accord with his doctrine, Dr. Studebaker brands the procedure of the District of Columbia requiring of teachers an oath not to teach communism: "Ridiculous!"

Dr. Kilpatrick, perhaps Dewey's most enthusiastic follower, in *School and Society*, says, "It is the duty of the

present generation *not* to tell the present generation the answers to their social problems—we could not if we would." That we "should not" tell the answers if we had them seems plain nonsense. Why should we not do in social matters what we do in things chemical, physical, mathematical, biological? That we "could not" tell the answers is good Deweyism. There are no answers to tell that are "true."

Etienne Gilson, the famous French Scholastic philosopher, in his address on "Medieval Universalism" at the Harvard Tercentenary conference in 1936, stated that unless we discard these variable "truth" concepts democracy will be replaced by totalitarianism and state oppression. He affirmed that we must admit the existence of things or reality and of a unity of concept regarding those things. We must admit that we all represent the same reality in our minds and represent it in the same way—as it is; that is, we have "true" concepts, which are the same in us all and represent the same things. Then there is a truth. Then we can discuss. Then votes can mean something.

He says, "Against the encroachment of the totalitarian state in its various forms, our only conceivable protection, humanly speaking at least, is in a powerful revival of the medieval feeling for the universal character of truth," that is, a truth which all will possess. In another place he says, "Our only hope is in a widely spread revival of the Greek and medieval principle that truth, morality, social justice, and

beauty are necessary and universal in their own right." They are there for all and necessarily there.

He held that from the teaching of the preceding principle "it would become known again that there is a spiritual order of realities whose absolute right it is to judge even the state and eventually to free us from its oppression. In the conviction that there is nothing in the world above universal truth lies the very root of intellectual and social liberty."

If we are to have any order, any sense, in our political relations, we must admit an objective order set up here by almighty God. What is in accord with that order is right and true, and what contradicts or violates that order is wrong or false. Any form of government must operate according to this natural order instituted here by

God, must act according to the natural law, a law drawn from this natural order and manifested by man's reason. Any form of government must, in its enactments, respect the rights given to individual men by God himself. It must work for the common good of the people, or have no right to exist, since the common good is the end or purpose of any and every government. For those who embrace the preceding Scholastic doctrines, "democracy" and "majority vote" and "rights of minorities" have some meaning.

Those who follow Dr. Dewey and insist on proclaiming his teachings are leading us into chaos and must be accounted among our leading public enemies. Deweyism and American democracy are incompatible. Which will survive? American democracy, we hope.



Humor at the Crossroads

The pastor of a church in an Ohio city turned from the altar to read the announcements. Just then a train rumbled by on a near-by track, whistling long and loud for a crossing. Father, forced to silence, stood staring at the book in his hand. At last the train disappeared in the distance, and the pastor, his eyes still glued to his book, remarked:

"The engineer on that train is a 33rd-degree Mason."

The constrained amusement of the congregation perpetrated a second interruption almost as long as the first; then he continued with his announcements.

(When the incident was told to a non-Catholic who happened to be the editor of a local Masonic paper, he was so delighted that he used it on his front page.)

Mary D. Millard.

What Did the Popes Say About It?

The answers

Excerpts from papal pronouncements

Reprinted from the *Sword of the Spirit**

Fascism: We find ourselves confronted by a mass of authentic affirmations, and no less authentic facts, which reveal beyond the slightest possibility of doubt the resolve to monopolize completely the young, from their tenderest years up to manhood and womanhood, for the exclusive advantage of a party and of a regime based on an ideology which clearly resolves itself into a true, a real, a pagan worship of the state. (Encyclical to Italy, *Non abbiamo bisogno*, June, 1931.)

NAZIISM—We have never ceased to represent to the responsible rulers of your country's destiny the consequences which would inevitably follow the protection and even the favor extended to such a policy. We have done everything in our power to defend the sacred pledge of the given word of honor against theories and practices which, if officially endorsed, would wreck every faith in treaties and make every signature worthless. None but superficial minds could stumble into concepts of a national God, of a national religion; or attempt to lock within the frontiers of a single people, within the narrow limits of a single race, God, the Creator of the universe, the King and Legislator of all nations, before whose immensity they are "as a drop in a bucket." (Encyclical to Ger-

many, *Mit brennender Sorge*, March, 1937.)

ATHEISTIC COMMUNISM—The communism of today, more emphatically than similar movements in the past, conceals in itself a false messianic idea. A pseudo idea of justice, of equality and fraternity in labor, impregnates all its doctrines and activity with a deceptive mysticism, which communicates a zealous and contagious enthusiasm to the multitude entrapped by delusive promises. Communism, moreover, strips man of his liberty, robs human personality of all its dignity, and removes all the moral restraints which check the irruption of blind impulse. There is no recognition of any right in the individual in his relations to the collectivity, no natural right is accorded to human personality. Refusing to human life any sacred or spiritual character, such a doctrine logically makes of marriage and the family a purely artificial and civil institution, the outcome of a specific economic system. (Encyclical *Divini Redemptoris*, March, 1937.)

COLLECTIVE SECURITY—Once some universal international body, pledged to uphold the law of God in international affairs and sufficiently strong to enforce obedience, has been

*68 Gloucester Place, London, W. 1, England. July, 1945.

set up, and once a world court capable of maintaining its decisions by collective action is at work, there will be some prospect of peace being permanently established on earth. (Radio Vatican, 18 Feb., 1943.)

DEMOCRACY—In a people worthy of the name, the citizen feels within himself the consciousness of his own personality, duties and rights, of his own liberty, linked with respect for the liberty and dignity of others. In a people worthy of the name, all inequalities due not to arbitrary will but to the very nature of things—inequalities of culture, property, social position, which naturally do not prejudice justice and mutual kindness—are not, indeed, an obstacle to the existence and dominance of a true spirit of community and brotherhood. On the contrary, far from harming civilian equality in any way, they give it its proper significance: namely, that in the eyes of the state each has the right to live honorably his own life in the place and conditions in which the plans and purposes of providence have set him. The democratic state, whether monarchy or republic, must be invested, like any other form of government, with the power to command with real and evident authority. If men, in the enjoyment of their personal liberties, were to deny obedience to a superior authority equipped with power to enforce its will, by this very act they would undermine the foundation of their own dignity and liberty. Similar-

ly, if those who wield authority do not take this relation sufficiently into account, and do not recognize their mission to give effect to the order willed by God, there will be danger that a selfish lust for power and vested interests will prevail over the essential need for political and social morality, and that the false appearance of a purely formal democracy may often serve as a mask for what is in reality least democratic. (Christmas Eve Allocution, 1944.)

JEWS AND ANTI-SEMITISM—All Christians rightly give the title of Patriarch to Abraham. Mankind is one universal race of human beings. It has no room for separate races. No, it is impossible for Christians to take part in anti-Semitism. Anti-Semitism is inadmissible. Spiritually, we are Semites. (Pius XI, 16 Sept., 1938.)

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM—On religious and ethical questions the Pope's attitude is obvious, particularly by his protests against the persecution of the churches, and by his championship of the restitution of the dignity of the human person. (Radio Vatican, in German to Germany, 15 April, 1943.)

BOMBING—You can see for yourselves what an age we have been born into. Blinded by hatred and ill will, the earth, seas, and even the sky, noble image of our heavenly country, are being polluted with fratricidal massacre. More than once, to our great dis-

treas, the laws which bind civilized peoples together have been violated; most lamentably, undefended cities, country towns and villages have been terrorized by bombing, destroyed by fire and thrown down in ruins; unarmed citizens, even the sick, helpless old people and innocent children have been turned out of their homes, and often visited with death. (Easter Sunday Homily, 1941.)

"AT THE END OF THIS WAR"—

What lies before us? Those who hold the fate of kingdoms in their hands assure us that, once the bloodthirsty discords of the present moment have

been laid aside, they will introduce a new order of things, based on a foundation of justice and economic settlement. But is it really to be a different, a better world? At the end of this war there will be fresh pacts, fresh arrangements of international relations. Will they be conceived in a spirit of justice and fairness all round, in a spirit of reconstruction and peace, or will they disastrously repeat our old and our recent errors? Experience shows it is but an empty dream to expect a real settlement to emerge at the moment when the conflagration of war has died down. (Pius XII, *Summi Pontificatus*, October, 1939.)



In a Jim Crow Car

They ate (Jim) crow

Condensed from PM*

A few days before the order curtailing civilian travel, I had to leave California to rejoin my husband in Oklahoma. I was grateful for a seat in an all-coach train. There wasn't a Pullman to be had.

My train was to leave Los Angeles in early evening. When the gates were opened, a mob surged through and I was jostled over baggage and people into the train. It was like a picture of immigrants coming to America by steerage. Two and three women shared one seat, with a corresponding num-

ber of small children. People were sitting on baggage in the aisles. There wasn't a seat to be had. The "Reserved Chair Seat" on my ticket didn't mean what it said; it just guaranteed my right to board the train.

Since there was not one seat in any Oklahoma-bound coach, I ventured into the sandwich car, hoping something would turn up. That was just as crowded with soldiers, sleeping on bar-racks bags. At one end, coffee and sandwiches were sold over a makeshift bar. There I met a well-dressed man

*164 Duane St., New York City, 13. Aug. 26, 1945.

and woman who had seats, but were getting off in about an hour. I could have one of them. Lucky me. I'd be comfortable at least until the Chicago coach switched off at Tucumcari, N. Mex.

After I had got in the coach, the porter assured me that another Oklahoma car would be added at Tucumcari, and he would transfer my luggage to it.

Thus reassured, I got off at Tucumcari to get breakfast while the train was being serviced.

When I got back on, I began searching for my luggage. The most likely coach was directly behind the engine, but the conductor said, "Lady, you can't go in there." But I did go in. It was a Jim Crow car—the only car, outside military Pullmans, where people weren't standing. There were empty seats, and, under one, my luggage!

I asked the Negro occupants if they'd mind. I mumbled something about the lack of seats in the train and that I was from the North, where we hated Jim Crow anyhow. They politely said, "If *you* don't mind, ma'am, we'd be glad to have you." The conductor came through, punched my ticket and said nothing.

I learned we would be in New Mexico, where there was no Jim Crow, for two more hours and the conductor could say nothing. That two-hour trip was uneventful. I talked with a middle-aged missionary about the problems of the South. "Trust in Jesus," was her solution.

We had just crossed the border

when suddenly the train began to jerk so violently it seemed out of control. Then it pounded to a stop. Women and children screamed.

Three coaches, including ours, had been derailed and were tilted at the edge of a deep ravine. It was apparent that the derailed coaches could not be moved for many hours. This was about 11 A.M. and we were told an emergency engine from Amarillo would pick us up at 4 P.M.

No one had been hurt, but there was hysteria among the women with children. I drew upon my recreation experience with New York City children, and under a shady tree we sang songs and played games. Distrust that had existed before the accident was gone now: we cavorted like old friends. Children who had regarded "the white lady" suspiciously, laughed and sang.

Most adult passengers in the Jim Crow car were women. Two were on leave from war jobs in California to visit their families; another was going back to her parents after having said good-by to her Pacific-bound husband. Three other passengers were a wounded sailor on furlough from the Pacific, a soldier, and an elderly civilian war worker. They exploded their pent-up resentment against Jim Crowism. One woman, with a twinkle of sarcasm, said, "It sure nuff serves those white crackers right—too bad none of 'em was hurt. It was the work of a just Lord that caused the accident two hours after we were put into a Jim Crow car—funny there was no accident before that!"

"Hush yo' mouth," was the prompt retort of one of the younger members of the group. Most of the passengers burst into laughter.

The missionary and the sailor argued. She started by saying, "Lord Jesus and plenty of prayin' will take care of the Colored problem." The sailor answered, "God needs all the help He can get—I've fought in the Pacific, and, lady, when a ship's goin' down, believe me there ain't no Jim Crow." The sailor had the passengers on his side. The soldier joined the conversation. "The boys comin' back are not goin' to take any fool Jim Crow, even if it means a bloody fight."

About this time we were told the derailed coaches couldn't be moved until late evening, if then. The officers in charge of the three troop Pullmans decided that the servicemen would double up with buddies in the other two. The passengers of the three derailed coaches were to manage in the vacated Pullman car.

The emergency threw Jim Crow out the window. Passengers shared seats and aisle space in good spirits. As the Negro sailor observed, "We're all ridin' together and there's been nothin' but sweet peace." But I wondered what would happen once we reached Jim Crow territory.

Soon after we crossed the border, a neighbor warned me that the conductor had been staring at me through the door of the coach. He came in and asked, "Do you belong here?"

I said, "I do."

He walked out, obviously uncon-

vinced. At intervals, he or the other conductor would question me. The conversations, loud enough to be heard by all, were pretty much the same:

"Lady, are you Colored?"

"I don't know."

"Are you white?"

"I really don't know. I think I'm a mixture."

"Lady, what are you?"

"I don't know, sir, what am I?"

Conductor No. 1 would leave, puzzled by my affected British manner, to be replaced 20 minutes later by Conductor No. 2.

"Lady, do you belong here?"

"Yes, these are my people. I belong here."

"Lady, *do* you belong with these people? Of course, if you do, that's quite all right—I only want to be sure."

"These are my people. If they belong here, so do I!"

After three or four interviews had taken place I began to enjoy myself. Conductor No. 2 came back; changed his tactics.

"Lady," he said, "perhaps you don't know, but this is Jim Crow territory, and if you don't belong here, you'd better come back into the other cars—it's against the law, you know."

"I know, sir," I replied in my best helpless female voice, "but these *are* my people and I belong here."

Between scenes, my fellow passengers would joke about it, but when a conductor came in, the face of every passenger would become an impenetrable mask.

At one point, I asked the conductor if he would be good enough to tell me when the train arrived at my destination.

"We're 14 hours late now," he said sourly. "Figure it out for yourself, lady," and he left the car, slamming the door.

"You won't have any more trouble, sister—you've *passed*," one younger passenger told me. I learned that Jim Crow passengers were always snapped at when they asked for information. They wait for the porters to come in, and ask them, for porters off duty use Jim Crow cars as a sort of social club. They bring in little snacks for the children and pass the time singing and kidding around.

From the porters I learned that although Jim Crow passengers pay the same fare, they get meal call only after the last white passengers have been fed. During pressure of wartime travel, almost no food was left when Negro eating time came. Rarely did they go into the dining car.

About 9 o'clock, a Negro waiter came shouting, "First call for dinner."

An instant later he shouted, "Last call for dinner." This drew a laugh.

During the night, the conductors left me alone, but next morning the interviews started again. Then I hit on an answer that stopped their questions.

"Look, sir," I said, "while I happen to belong here, I'm married to a white man. He's meeting me at the station. He's a major in the Army of the U. S., and if you don't believe that these are my people—you can ask him!"

The conductor looked ill at ease and walked out.

Later, he returned and said, "I owe you an apology, lady. I didn't mean to be fresh, and neither did the other conductors. You see it was hard for us to believe that a lady who spoke like you belonged with these people. But since you do, why just keep on riding along. No harm meant."

We were pulling into Holdenville. A Pullman porter off duty insisted on taking my baggage to where my husband was waiting. I offered him the usual tip. He refused it, but running back he shouted, "That's O.K.—you're my people!"



Love

Love will bring us peace within ourselves when we love God with our whole hearts, so that we see all things in relation to Him; for then all our desires will be part of one single desire. And love will bring us peace with one another when we love our fellow men as ourselves, for this makes us want to fulfill their heart's desire as though it were our own.

St. Thomas Aquinas.

Brother Leatherneck

In voiceless glory

By HECTOR CHEVIGNY

Condensed from *Collier's**

Walking about Brooklyn's teeming streets with his loneliness (that was the way he spent his evenings that fall of 1938) he had often noticed the young men hanging around the Marine recruiting office, laughing and talking together. One evening he went in. There was something he had to know.

It was hard to tell his age—25, maybe 30. He was one of those in whom you sensed some important, subtle difference. Not that his appearance suggested it. At first glance you would take him for some Italian, French, or perhaps Basque laborer. He had a square, dark face and a mop of curly black hair that needed cutting. His clothes didn't fit and his hands were hardened and stained. In build he was on the chunky side; he gave the impression of great physical strength; so do many men, yet he seemed set apart.

The place was crowded. He had to wait for the sergeant. He could feel stares, hear the talk and laughter die a little. He was used to that. He was well aware that he was different. That was his reason for coming.

"Next," and he stepped up.

Now he had to ask that question. He stood there, frowning. He had had it all phrased a minute ago. He had to think of the words again.

The sergeant tried to help. "Want to join?"

He nodded Yes. That was part of what he wanted.

"Name?" asked the sergeant.

"Anthony P. Garite," the man answered. He was unmarried, 25, lived in a rooming-house section of Brooklyn, and was a plumber's helper.

"No next of kin?" the sergeant asked.

The man shook his head.

"Then that's all. Any questions?"

The question, when it finally came, made the sergeant stare. Of all the weird questions he had been asked, this one took the cake. But his answer seemed to satisfy the man. He smiled, gestured his thanks, and turned to go without another word.

"What's the matter, Sarge?" asked a young man watching. "You look floored."

"I am," the sergeant answered. "Now I've heard everything. That guy wanted to know if he joined the Reserve, would he get enough practice talking to make a few friends."

Anthony Garite's need for companionship came on him rather late. As a child he had been peculiarly alone. All that is known of him begins with the time a priest attached to Brooklyn's Franciscan church spoke to a dark, square-faced lad of ten who spent his afternoons in the empty church, staring at the altar.

*250 Park Ave., New York City, 17. Sept. 8, 1945.

"You ought to get outdoors and play, son," the priest told him.

The boy left obediently but was back the next day. After that he was always to be found around the grounds. He never spoke of his home, and judging from his clothes, it must have been a poor one. He began helping around the church—gardening, assisting at repair work, and eating in the rectory. The priests gave him clothes, saw that he went to school, and helped him with his studies.

When it came time for high school, though, he didn't show much interest. He liked to work, by himself, with tools. The Franciscans encouraged the vocation, and when he was 16, accepted his application for entrance to their order as a lay Brother.

This didn't alter his life much outwardly. Inwardly, though, there was a change. He began spending more hours in chapel than required. He grew more and more silent, more withdrawn. After two years, the Father Superior called Anthony into his office and asked him if he would not prefer to belong to the Order of Reformed Cistercians, the monks who call themselves Trappists. The idea had occurred to Anthony, too. They wrote to the Abbot of the monastery of Our Lady of the Valley, at Cumberland, Rhode Island. This was in 1930.

There are things which frustrate the understanding of the earth-bound mind. The life of a Trappist is such a thing. Three hundred years ago, a man named De Rance became Abbot of the

Cistercian monastery at La Trappe, in Normandy. He found laxity among the monks. He imposed a new discipline, which went far beyond any in practice in those days.

A monk could have no furniture in his cell but a wooden *prie-dieu* before the crucifix and a bed of two wooden planks covered by a thin straw mattress. His days would begin at two in the morning with the chanting of the Office. At four, he would hear Mass. Darkness would still lie over the land as he ate his first meal of tea and dry bread before going out to the fields and barns to begin work. There would be one more meal, soup and dry bread; meat would never be eaten.

But the distinctive feature of life was the practice of perpetual silence. During the day, when a gesture would not make meaning clear, the monk could say such brief words as were necessary. At night, though, in his cell, no monk could utter a sound. In three centuries this rule has not been modified, and Trappist monasteries everywhere in the world number adherents by the hundreds.

It was this way at Our Lady of the Valley. The Abbot talked to Anthony Garite a long time, telling him of the life and its real purpose and warning him that it is not for those who merely seek escape. Anthony understood, assumed the white habit of the novice, and took the name of Brother Mary Pius.

He found the life not without beauty. With patient labor, Trappists

make their monasteries lovely. They come to comprehend the earth and its uses. Their fields return heavy harvests. Their herds are fat and sleek, their birds tame, their dogs friendly. Illness is rare, and extreme old age common among Trappists.

For seven years Brother Mary Pius gave no sign that he was unhappy but when the time approached to take his final vows, he asked for release, to go into the world again, at least for a while. The Abbot was surprised but not unprepared; he knew the fears men sometimes have on the threshold of the irrevocable. And often the more humble the man the greater his fears. The Abbot told Brother Mary Pius he was free to go and that if he chose to return, his place in the refectory and the cell where he had slept would be his again.

When the gates closed behind him Anthony Garite had \$5 given him by the Abbot, and he was dressed in clothing given the monks through charity.

He had shaved his beard, but his hair had been inexpertly cut, and his gait was that of a man accustomed to walking in plowed fields. This was the figure that trudged from Cumberland to Providence in search of a bus for Brooklyn. Only at the ticket window in Providence did he fully realize the change wrought by seven years.

A man needs more than gestures to indicate so simple a thing as a ticket to Brooklyn. Words have to be used, and transfer points understood, people

apologized to when jostled, change counted, and the value of such coins as quarters, dimes, nickels remembered. That bus ride told him, too, that his very appearance gave cause for staring.

That night he walked the streets staring at the lights, vehicles, and people, and knew loneliness probably for the first time. It struck him as strange that he should feel it in a babble of talk, among crowds. The temptation to return to the peace he had abandoned was strong. But he had come out into the world to test it and himself. He was going through with it.

Anthony was learning that the privilege of living in the world is not had without paying a price. You must conform. You must work, and at the orders of others; you must have a job. You cannot remain alone.

Five dollars did not go very far. He proved to a plumber that he was good with tools. He found a cheap room. With his pay, he got some clothes. The problem of making friends, though, was going to be infinitely harder.

Each night he walked fighting his loneliness. He wondered why it hurt so to be alone. It seemed so easy not to be. You'd think you could just step up to some man and say, "I'd like you to be my friend." But it couldn't be done that way. It took time, and it had to be a series of happy accidents, of fortunate meetings. And even then you had to have more ease than he had at talking. He had often passed that Marine recruiting poster.

After that, he lived for Tuesday

nights, when Reserve members gathered in the armory. What pleased Anthony was that he was considered no different from anyone else. Other beginners were as clumsy and diffident. Compliments and reprimands were distributed evenly, and everyone advanced on a completely equal basis. And after drill when the fellows gathered he would talk as much or as little as he pleased. Anthony knew how to take orders, he was clever with his hands. He got along fine. He wasn't lonely any more.

Two years slipped by. It was 1940, and Anthony received one of the few letters he ever got. It told him that belonging to the Marine Corps Reserve meant something more than just making friends. His country feared war and he was being called to active duty.

Private Garite first went to Iceland. Eight months later he went to Cuba for the organization of the 1st Marine division. Exactly 22 months after his call to active service, he was at Guadalcanal as a corporal.

He had also acquired a nickname. The boys must have found out about his past, for they had taken to calling him Monk. He accepted the term with complete amiability. He knew neither derision nor disrespect was implied: that in the Marines a nickname is the badge of acceptance. Monk had been accepted.

He had long since learned to express himself with ease when he had to, but he preferred gestures to words. He liked to hear others talk. Good listen-

ers are rare, and Monk was one of the best. Furthermore, men admire ability, and Monk was an excellent soldier. He was always cheerful, he never grouched, he seemed to have no nerves. This last quality became especially apparent during the hell of Guadalcanal where more than one otherwise able man cracked.

After four months of Guadalcanal, Monk's outfit was retired to Australia for rehabilitation. The men, of course, missed no chance to get to town. Monk went with them, but instead of drifting with the rest in search of beer, movies, or dates, he would seek out a church.

One day he entered a chapel connected with a convent maintaining an orphanage for small boys. The Sisters were having a hard time of it. Monk astounded them by giving them \$1,000 out of his savings and set to work as carpenter and plumber. He repainted the chapel, installing several new decorations, including a handsome crucifix. In return, he asked only the privilege of using the chapel for his long hours of prayer and meditation.

The Sisters were distressed when they learned that he must leave them. Because of military security, he did not actually bid them good-by, though his outfit was departing in a few days. It hurt him deeply to hear that the Sisters had arranged a farewell tea party to honor him. It was impossible to attend or explain. Before departing, however, he requested that \$20 a month be allotted to his friends at the convent, the

only allotment on record after the name of Anthony P. Garite, USMC.

Once again his outfit headed for combat. This time it was the New Britain campaign. Following the battle at Cape Gloucester Monk gained his sergeant's stripes. How he got them is a story unique in Marine Corps annals.

For some reason best known to services of supply, a flush toilet was included in the equipment sent to the area where Monk's outfit was resting. It was the real thing, made of glistening white porcelain complete with white enamel seat. A high-ranking officer had had it installed in his quarters. It became a mark of special favor to be allowed to use it.

One night the officer was giving a party when the toilet "became inexplicably plugged up." At two in the morning he hastily called a colonel of Engineers upon the problem of restoring this reminder of civilization to usefulness.

"Monk," replied the colonel, "is the only plumber in the division."

"I don't give a hang what his name is," replied the officer. "Get him in here to fix this . . . toilet!"

As the official staff looked on, Monk worked on the contraption, and in five minutes had it working as efficiently as ever.

"What's your name, son?" asked the officer.

"Corporal Anthony P. Garite, Sir."

"All right, Garite—from now on you're a sergeant."

From the Solomon Islands, Monk's outfit boarded a transport for the assault on Peleliu. Monk was now a seasoned Leatherneck. He had been two years in the South Pacific, four in active service. His immediate charge was a machine-gun squad, the men who must establish a beachhead. A Catholic chaplain came aboard to conduct services which, for many a Marine, might be his last. An altar was improvised in the officer's wardroom. A microphone was hooked up. The chaplain asked for a volunteer to serve Mass and Sergeant Garite stepped forward.

He helped the priest don his vestments. Then, hands clasped before him, he entered the wardroom ahead of the priest and together they knelt before the altar. The crowded wardroom watched Monk with wonderment. His face was unsmiling. His gestures, his movements, though assured, were no less deliberate than usual, yet he seemed suddenly, peculiarly at home. Because Monk had never presumed to push on anyone the faith so passionately held, most had forgotten the reason for his nickname.

As the words of the Mass were carried to every part of the transport, table-tennis paddles were laid aside, cards put away, cigarettes ground out. No matter what your degree of faith, or lack of it, when the prospect of battle is not far ahead there always comes a moment you can't duck; you wonder what things are all about, what it's all been worth to you, what death, really might mean. It's not a very com-

fortable moment; facing death never is. Suddenly you envy the man whose faith and life have been such that death need hold no fear for him.

The assault was made Sept. 15, 1944. The pattern of attack had been well developed: the umbrella of fire from the naval guns offshore, bombers droning overhead, exact timing that guided the waves of landing craft headed for the beaches.

The moment for Monk's squad on that beach was 10 A. M., 90 minutes after the first wave. They rested on the transport's deck, their equipment on their backs, and scanned the onshore hell through grim, experienced eyes, waiting for the signal that would send them swarming down cargo nets and into their respective amphibious tractors. This, they knew without being told, was going to be as tough as anything they had yet seen.

It was. That part of the beach up which Monk's men had to advance became known as Bloody Nose Ridge. The Japanese could throw everything from knee-mortar shells to machine-gun bullets. It seemed improbable that anyone could advance in the face of that metal rain and live. But the Marines jumping from those amphibious tractors and advancing into it knew that although some had to get hurt and even die, some always lived, too.

That was the way it always had turned out and that's all a man could gamble on. At any rate, neither Monk nor any of his men hesitated but, crouching low to minimize the prob-

ability of death, ran up the coral beach.

Monk was the first to get it. A modern rifle bullet hits a man with the force of hundreds of pounds. Monk got that sniper's bullet in his left shoulder, spun like a top, fell prone. No one stopped for him, no one could; orders were to get up there and dig in those machine guns. Monk lay stunned for perhaps a half minute. Then, those who saw him say he got painfully to his knees and, blood pulsing from his shoulder, tried to crawl after his men. He could use only one arm—the other dangled uselessly from its shoulder. He made only five yards. A Japanese mortar shell put a quick end to his progress. It fell beside him, burst, and filled his chest and abdomen with shrapnel.

Monk was still alive, though, when the medical corpsmen reached him, even conscious—but he could move no part of his body and he was in such pain the sweat broke out in great globules on his dark face and thick neck when they lifted him onto the stretcher. But he made no comment.

He had nothing to say, either, when taken to surgery. It is rare for a man not to babble when coming out of ether; Monk, though, spoke not a word. He had returned to the Great Silence of the Trappists.

Perhaps he knew he was going to die. The doctors, for a time, had hopes for him. That strong body, never sick, seemingly showed signs of recovering despite its dreadful internal wounds. Monk smiled when they told him he'd

be all right, and with a gesture indicated his thanks for what they were trying to do for him. That was all.

On the tenth day Monk was dead. By this time, the situation was under control, and the men of Monk's squad could board the transport to attend his burial service.

Monk was committed to the deep with the full honors of the Navy. The ship's crew stood at attention as his body, wrapped in sailcloth, weighted with shells, and covered with the American flag, was carried to the rail.

"I am the Resurrection and the

Life," the skipper read. Bugles blew taps, three rifle volleys were fired into the air. At the signal from the skipper, sailors stepped forward, tipped the board, and all that was mortal of Anthony Garite slid into the Pacific.

Monk would have enjoyed these honors; they were meant for a man who had done his job well, and his duty faithfully. But there was one thing about it, something not prescribed by regulations even for the greatest hero, which Monk would have liked best of all. There were tears in the eyes of his brother Leathernecks.



Communism of the Stomach

An editorial

And the Christian antidote

Condensed from the *Florida Catholic**

It was Don Luigi Sturzo, venerable priest-founder of Italy's Christian Democratic party, who coined the expression "communism of the stomach," to explain a trend towards radicalism among his starving countrymen. This expression should be kept in mind when evaluating the drift to the left in practically all European countries.

No one will dispute the statement that communist agitation is busy in all lands slowly emerging from the chaos of war, but before we go too far in

denouncing the agitators, we might do well to ponder the causes of their seeming success. The number of those who arrive at communism intellectually is small. The overwhelming majority of those who raise the clenched fist and pay homage to red banners waving in Turin, Brussels, Paris or Belgrade have reached communist convictions not through the brain but through the stomach.

Hunger, unemployment, lack of a home, despair of the future, are far more powerful stimulants of commun-

*Record Bldg., Cordova St., St. Augustine, Fla. July 27, 1945.

ism than speeches by agitators, or radical newspapers and pamphlets. The seeds of discord would fall on barren ground if the masses had some reasonable hope for early improvement of their miserable condition.

The average human being, by nature, is rather conservative. He is satisfied with a frugal existence offering him a fair opportunity of improving his lot. He abhors revolution and violence. He wants to worship God, raise a family and pursue hobbies, undisturbed by political and economic upsets.

A German playwright of the 90's had one of his characters say, in effect, that "after a warm supper, I can resist all temptations." Allowing for obvious exaggeration, there is much truth in that remark. A fair measure of economic security is a powerful bulwark against revolutionary doctrines.

A body weakened by starvation offers little resistance, not only to the germs that cause physical disease, but to those that undermine spiritual, moral, intellectual integrity. The Holy

Father has repeatedly reminded the world of this truth. Its recognition should help us perceive the immeasurably wider aspects of the efforts to bring material relief to Europe's millions.

Feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and sheltering the homeless do far more than alleviate bodily sufferings. Works of mercy strengthen the defenses of mind and soul against attacks of insidious forces that exploit human suffering for sinister purposes.

Those forces cannot be stopped by wailing and denouncing or by militant defiance. They can be halted only by clear recognition of the causes from which they arise and by determination to remove such causes. If the communism that threatens to sweep Europe is, in the main, a "communism of the stomach," then the method of battling it is obvious. It ought to be obvious even to politicians in our country who denounce communism yet indulge in loud lamentations over every side of beef and bag of sugar that we ship across the seas to the starving.

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Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Adams, J. Donald. *THE SHAPE OF BOOKS TO COME*. New York: Viking. 202 pp. \$2.50. Critical survey of American fiction and poetry since 1900. Pessimistic naturalism and fear of affirmations marked earlier stages, but recent literature has sober hope and willingness to reflect on facts which older visionless realism merely reported.

Algermissen, Konrad. *CHRISTIAN DENOMINATIONS*. St. Louis: Herder. 1,051 pp. \$7.50. The idea of the Church; history of Catholic, or World, Church and its characteristic doctrines; separated Eastern Churches; Protestant groups. Valuable for detailed comparisons of present churches.

Ambrose, Kay. *THE BALLET-LOVER'S POCKET-BOOK; Technique without Tears for the Ballet-lover*. New York: Knopf. 65 pp., illus. \$1.50. Instructive, entertaining booklet of fundamentals for ballet spectators; steps, positions, costume; the ballerina; the danseur.

Feeney, Leonard. *YOUR SECOND CHILDHOOD; pictures by Michael Cunningham*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 55 pp., illus. \$1.25. Silly verses of uncertain rhythm which somehow manage to rhyme. On human foibles, illustrated with appealing caricatures.

Jone, Heribert. *MORAL THEOLOGY; Englished and Adapted to the Code and Customs of the U. S. A.* by Urban Adelman. Westminster, Md.: Newman Bookshop. 634 pp. \$3. Systematic guide to problems of right and wrong according to the Catholic view of life. For inquiring laymen as well as priests.

Neill, Thomas P. *WEAPONS FOR PEACE*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 243 pp. \$2.50. Peace, a movement toward unity and harmony of human wills, is effected through deliberate adherence to known moral standards governing contacts of man with man, man with the state, state with state. His personal moral reintegration is the contribution each citizen can make to world peace.

ROYAL CHARTER. Detroit: Marygrove College. 72 pp., paper. \$2. Movements, institutions and leaders in 20 centuries of education fostered by the Church. Series of condensed, well-documented papers by students of Marygrove College on patristic, medieval, Renaissance, and post-Trent education down to Pius XI's 1929 encyclical on education.

Ryan, John Julian. *THE IDEA OF A CATHOLIC COLLEGE*. New York: Sheed & Ward. 136 pp. \$2. Every Catholic has his own vocation as a part of Christianized humanity. Training for this is sole aim of college and its courses. Detailed curriculum and goals proposed are stimulating.

Towne, Charles Wayland, & Wentworth, Edward Norris. *SHEPHERD'S EMPIRE*. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 364 pp., illus. \$3.50. History of sheep-raising industry of the Southwest. Sheep were economic foundation of the Spanish missions and ranches and mobile food supply of military and colonizing expeditions. Conflict with Indians and cattlemen, and vigilance against natural enemies, predatory animals, poison plants, droughts, made herder's life far from idle.

